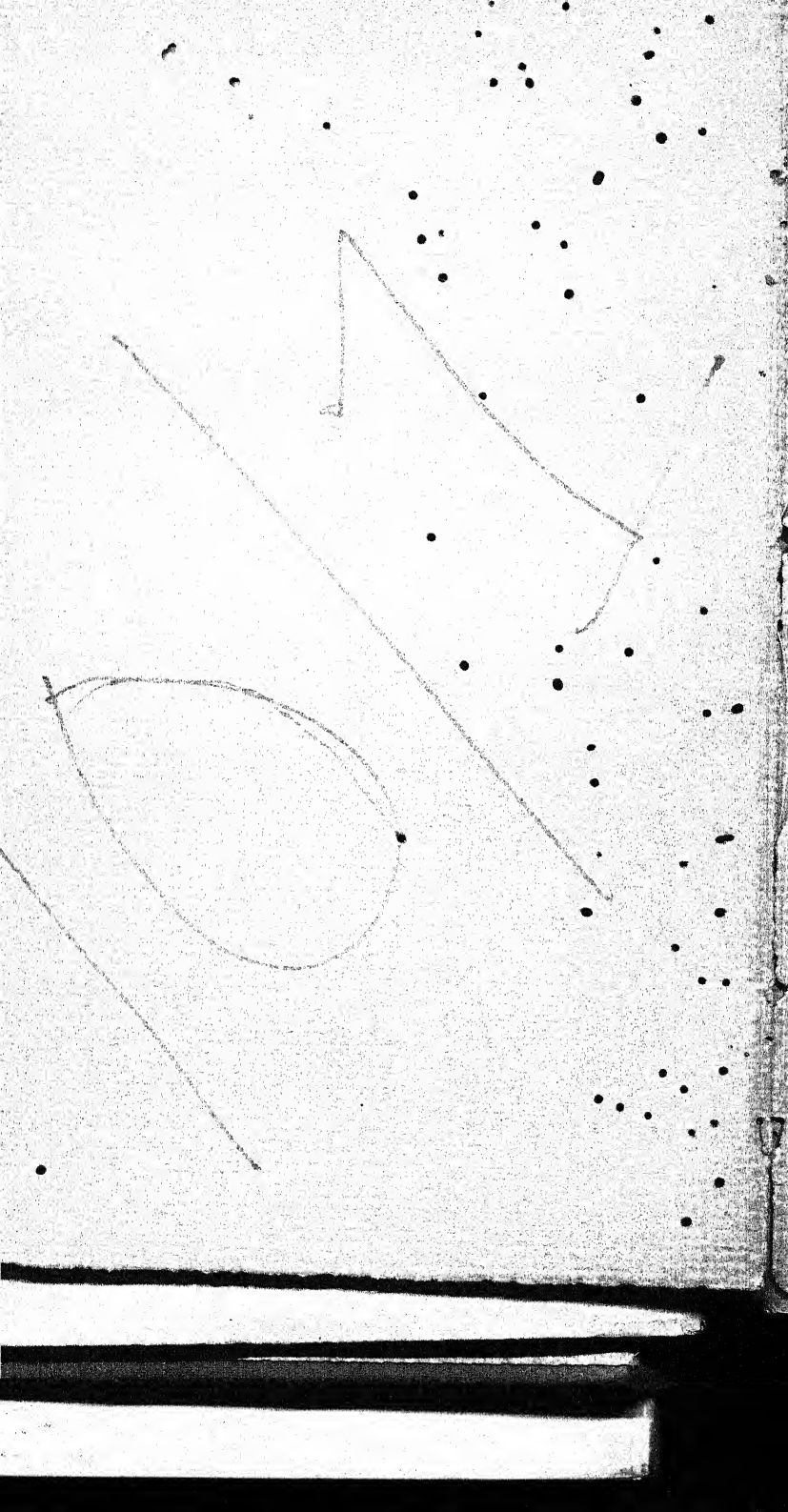




WITH THE PESHAWAR COLUMN

TIRAH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



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BY

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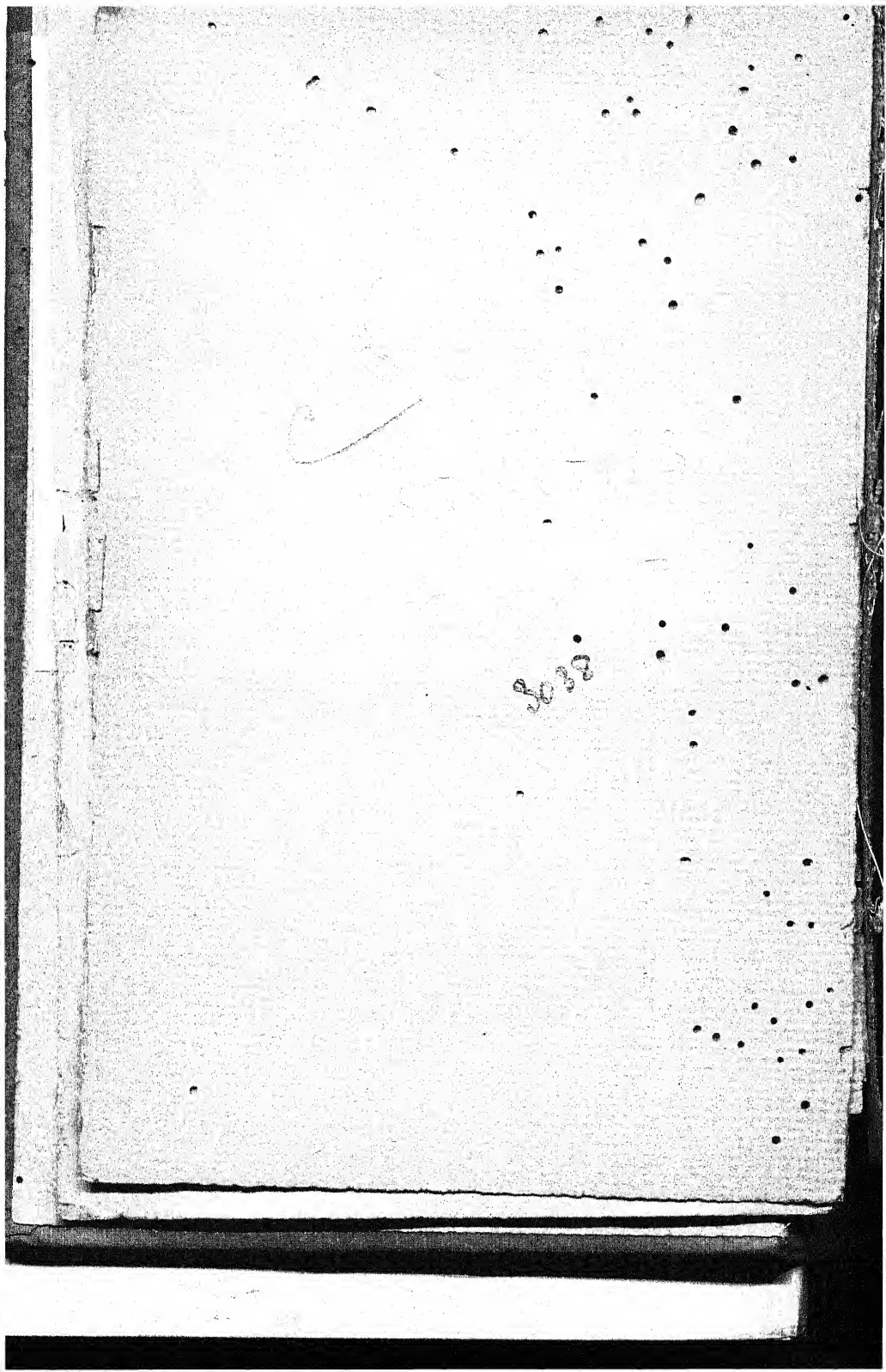
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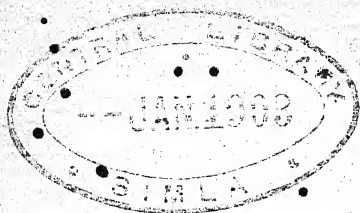
1899



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With the Peshawar Column

CHAPTER I

UNREST IN INDIA

I TAKE up my diary for the month of July 1897, and find that a *spirit of unrest* was prevailing in India, more especially with regard to the Mahomedans of Bengal, the North-West Provinces, and the Punjab. This fact was brought to the notice of many, and the older residents in the country had never remembered anything like it since the days of the Mutiny. It may have been more a *feeling* than a reality, yet there was something, perhaps a good deal, in it. The Tochi Valley disaster (10th June), and the attack on the Malakand (27th July), had become

matters of history, and our troops were being quietly but decidedly massed on the frontier.

We had heard of the riots in Calcutta, which city had shown a spirit more virulent than at any time since 1857, and Europeans noticed that their very servants were assuming a more independent, and in some cases defiant, air. Innovations were creeping in which astonished old Indians, such as the wearing of the Turkish fez by Mahomedans, and in some instances the shaving of the beard. Our grandfathers would hardly have credited this. Now, to what was this spirit of unrest due, which, to my mind, contributed so much, if it did not actually lead, to the Pathan revolt beyond our frontier? It is very easy to theorise, but more difficult to give a satisfactory reply. One, however, naturally gave some credence to the ill effect which the absolute victory of the Mahomedan Turks over the Christian Greeks caused in the minds of the followers of Islam in India. The effect was, perhaps,

electric; it sank deep in their hearts, and produced visions in their sympathetic minds of the power and blessings of Mahomedanism and the downfall of Christianity. They said one to another, "Surely our time is come; the British raj is tottering, and will certainly fall before the righteous march of the Prophet!"

Now, some of the finest and bravest of our native soldiers are staunch Mahomedans, while many are recruited from the very tribes with which we were so soon to wage war. There was then danger in this, and no doubt the spirit of unrest, and the prevailing doubt as to the ability of their conquerors to still hold their own, were rankling in their breasts. Our Indian soldiers had never, perhaps, before been at so great a pitch of perfection, and their prowess as marksmen has since been amply proved. In fact, it became a question in the minds of many whether they had not reached too high a state of perfection, and

whether, for the sake of peace in India, and the absolute necessity of our command in the country, this state of perfection was not a mistake.

The Mahomedans of India had already sent their warmest congratulations, flavoured, of course, with religious sentiment, to the Sultan of Turkey, and no doubt equally forcible replies in the name of the Prophet were duly received.

I was stationed at Bareilly in the North-West Provinces at the time. Bareilly is a Mahomedan city, and evil rumours were flying round; indeed, the word riot was not always spoken in whispers only. A regiment consisting entirely of Mahomedans was then stationed in Bareilly, and it is an open question whether these *caste* regiments—although, I believe, instituted by so high an authority as Lord Roberts—are not a mistake. We are all liable to make mistakes which are, however, sometimes due to, or influenced by, circumstances, and perhaps this

forming of caste regiments was one of the greatest mistakes, if not the only one, committed by Lord Roberts.

Was it a wonder, then, that fears were at the time making uneasy the minds of the few Europeans who were in Bareilly? The number of British troops in the station was, perhaps, dangerously small; there was a large sick list, and the British soldier is, moreover, not at his best during the hot weather. On my own responsibility I wrote to the officer commanding the station, recommending that a certain number of patients in hospital (those allowed up) be armed in case of need, and I was glad that he approved to a certain extent of my suggestion. All guards were doubled, and pickets, including outlying night pickets, were constantly on duty, so that, in case of alarm, we should not be found napping. The ammunition was removed from a certain magazine to the Fort, where very strong guards were placed. A certain number of men were confined to barracks and supplied with so

many rounds of ammunition, and I believe further that the regiment at Ranikhet was under orders to march down to Barailly at a moment's notice. Among other causes of disaffection, which appeared to me to be only too greedily sought for in the city, was the fact of a mosque having been demolished by the police.

I daresay some of my readers are aware that a book, which, I believe, was written to the Mahomedans of India, had been published by the present Ameer of Afghanistan, and although I have not seen a copy, I have reason to believe it had reached hands which had been better without it. At any-rate, the Mahomedan population of India, and more especially the soldiery, were not at the time in a fit condition to have anything in the shape of religious or caste exhortations or demonstrations brought to their notice. I will not—and advisedly—go into the question of how far the Ameer countenanced or supported the Pathan revolt

or the general feeling of unrest in India, and up to the present I perhaps am correct in stating that no evidence exists which connects or establishes his identity with the movement. There is such a thing, however, as moral support.

CHAPTER II

THE LOSS OF THE KHYBER PASS

PERHAPS one of the chief events that precipitated the Pathan outbreak and brought matters to a climax was the successful attack upon, and destruction of, the forts of Landi Kotal, Ali Masjid and Maude, in the Khyber Pass. The general defeat of the defenders of these positions by the attacking tribes was, no doubt, an incentive for others to join in and help in the overthrow of British rule.

It will be remembered that after the last Afghan war and its satisfactory conclusion, by placing the present Ameer, Abdul Rahman, on the throne, an agreement was come to by which the Khyber Pass should be kept open to trade, and the lives of British

subjects passing through protected. To this end a body of men, drilled, equipped and armed with British Sniders, was raised, and at the time of the present outbreak those stationed in the Khyber were under the command of Captain Barton, an officer of the Guides.

I think the strength of the Khyber Rifles, which were occupying Landi Kotal, Ali Masjid and Fort Maude, was about 500 men, and Captain Barton himself was, in August 1897, quartered at Landi Kotal, in the fortified serai there. This officer, whom I subsequently saw a good deal of, if I am any judge of character, was the right man in the right place — a first-rate linguist, endowed with abundance of courage, forethought and tact, and with evidently a clear insight into frontier matters and the characters of the people with whom he had to deal. He had, moreover, a great sense of justice, and appeared to have an intuition of the feelings of these wild but proud tribes.

Because they were our enemies by right of war, they were not, in the opinion of Captain Barton, to be condemned wholesale. They might require nice treatment at certain times, the severest at others; they were human, they were firm believers in their religion, they were patriotic, and had a great love for their mountain country, their homes and their children.

All this Captain Barton seemed to understand and appreciate. As held, therefore, and picketed by the Khyber Rifles, the Khyber Pass was considered perfectly safe by day, and up to the time of which I am now writing there was nothing to warrant, as far as the public knew, any disbelief in its safety.

Visitors to Peshawar were in the habit of going by Tonga to Ali Masjid, and I know of a theatrical party organising a picnic there on a certain Christmas Day! The road all the way to Landi Kotal was good, the telegraph wire always intact, and

the incidents connected with the taking of the far-famed Ali Masjid were simply matters of history. Whether it was a sound proceeding on the part of our Politicals at Peshawar, if any warning of future troubles had come to their ears, to rely solely on the loyalty and efficiency of the Khyber Rifles is another question, and one which perhaps may yet be decided.

Of course, a handsome subsidy was being paid by our Government to the Maliks (Headmen), who in return were, I presume, responsible for the safety of the Pass, but perhaps the greater part of the money went solely into the pockets of these Maliks, and their followers got very little, if any. I do not know how this subsidy was paid, but this will probably be another question worthy of the attention of our future administrators.

I heard incidentally that the Rajah of Patiala had offered to hold the Khyber Pass for us on condition that we paid *him*

the usual subsidy, but it is doubtful if this is true. I feel sure, however, that he could have done it, because he would have, no doubt, placed a sufficient number of men up and down the Khyber to insure its safety.

Now, let me give a brief account of the taking of our posts in the Khyber, the attack on the Khyber Rifles, and the consequent closing of the Pass, until it was reopened in December by General Hammond's force. I will not vouch for exactness of detail, but as far as information at my disposal goes, obtained from reliable sources, the following may be considered a fairly accurate account.

As before mentioned, Captain Barton, in August 1897, was living in the fortified serai at Landi Kotal, where he had a good deal of private and valuable property. With him were a subadar major (native officer) and 200 of the Khyber Rifles, all of whom he felt he could trust. Many of the men belonged to the tribe of Shinwaris, who

occupy the villages round and about Landi Kotal, a tribe which had, by the way, everything to gain and very little to lose by being friendly to us.

Now, Captain Barton was quite alive at the time to the fact of the bad feeling which existed among the Pathans about the Khyber, so much so that on the 9th August he commenced arranging for the defence of the serai, and increased his little garrison from 200 to 354 men. I may add, however, that, judging from the size of the building, the nature of its formation, and inadaptibility for defence, it would require 1200 men for the purpose. His reserve ammunition he was able to bring up to 50,000 rounds, and the masonry tank inside the serai was supplied with drinking water, of which there was nine feet by the 17th August, and this amount would have been ample for a garrison of 1000 men for twelve days. In addition, a month's supply of food was collected for 400 men, and a large

quantity of wood for cooking purposes stored.

Captain Barton was therefore well prepared, as far as his resources extended, and showed a considerable amount of forethought and intuition. I may add that about this time Subadar Mursil Khan, of the Khyber Rifles, had stated that the Afridis had received a letter from the Afghan commandant at Kai, a place not very far distant from Landi Kotal, intimating that if they wished for help in their attack on the Khyber Posts, he would give it them. Coming events were therefore, it would seem, openly spoken about, but the hand which directed them has yet to be discovered. That there was premeditation cannot be doubted, and it is singular, to say the least, that our Politicals were not aware of the dangers ahead. I may go farther and state that it would appear to be probable that one danger as regards Landi Kotal, at anyrate, was a *possible* attack by Afghans from the direction of Dalska, from whence

a force with guns could easily come up while the Afridis kept the Khyber Rifles engaged.

Having got everything ready for the defence in case of attack, Captain Barton, on the 17th August, wrote to the Chief Commissioner of Peshawar, Mr Udny, asking for reinforcements, which were, however, refused, and, strange to say, Captain Barton was ordered back to Jamrud at once to meet Colonel Aslam Khan at six a.m. on the 18th, as his (Barton's) presence in the Khyber was considered useless and harmful!

Perhaps stranger still, however, was the dispatch of a wire from Colonel Aslam Khan to Captain Barton, received at midnight on the 17th August, stating that *troops were on their way*. What this was meant to convey, or by whose authority it was sent, it was difficult to conceive, for Mr Udny had already refused to send reinforcements to Captain Barton, and it would appear from subsequent events that no troops had been ordered up the Khyber, nor did any come

to relieve the Khyber Rifles, even after they were attacked.

I may here mention that Colonel Aslam Khan, an officer who has performed very distinguished services for the British Government was, I believe, at the time acting as Political Officer at Jamrud.

On receiving his orders from Mr Udny, Captain Barton handed over the fortified serai, with no doubt a very distressed mind, to his senior native officer, a subadar major, who had previously served with distinction for many years in our native army, but who, I regret to say, has since turned traitor and deserted his post, a proceeding which no doubt had a very pernicious effect upon the men of the Khyber Rifles.

When leaving his men, Captain Barton told them that he had asked for help, *which would of course be granted without delay*, and even promised them he would return soon with reinforcements. This promise was politic, but it must have cost him some pain to

make a statement which was not justified or supported by any previous suggestions or intimation from his superiors. It was the best, the wisest thing he could say under the circumstances, and might help to calm the indignant spirits of those to whom we had entrusted the safety and defence (if necessary) of the Khyber Posts and Pass. But they no doubt considered they were being thrown over by the British, and left to their fate.

Captain Barton left Landi Kotal on the 18th August and arrived at Jamrud the same day. Little remains to be said concerning the attack on the Khyber Rifles, and one must rely solely upon native accounts for any information with regard to it. Landi Kotal was attacked on the 24th August, and was destroyed after Ali Masjid and Fort Maude had fallen. It is believed that an Afridi *lashkar* (regiment or gathering) of considerable strength was the attacking party, and that the enemy carried out his

design in earnest can be fully testified by the appearance of the huge iron doors, which are still standing, bespattered with bullet marks. Ten thousand Afridis were reported to have marched on the Khyber, and after capturing it, intended attacking Jamrud, and perhaps Peshawar!

The Khyber Rifles, of whom, as mentioned before, there were only 354, behaved extremely well under Subadar Mursil Khan, who was killed, and defended Landi Kotal for twenty-eight hours, during which time they had sixteen casualties, while 200 of the enemy were killed and wounded. Two of Captain Barton's private servants (left behind) were also massacred.

Now the poor Khyber Rifles, who, it must be owned, were having a very trying time of it, in the end began to see that the game was up and that their eventual and total destruction was only a matter of time. Their subadar major had deserted them and had presumably thrown in his lot with the

enemy. Mursil Khan was killed, and they were, moreover, duly informed by the desperate Afridis, by whom they were surrounded, that both Ali Masjid and Fort Maude had been attacked successfully, looted and burned. Perhaps, indeed, the rising flames of these Posts could be seen in the distance.

Further resistance being therefore useless, they agreed to surrender on condition that they might be allowed to leave the building safely and return to their homes (and many of them, being Shinwaris, had not far to go). These terms were agreed to, the great iron doors were opened, and the enemy streamed in and burned and destroyed everything that was of no use to them, looting the remainder.

The Khyber Pass was now finally closed, and the neighbouring Shinwaris were allowed to join in the loot, which they since confessed to having done, although subsequently, and no doubt when they heard that our Govern-

ment were about to take decisive steps against the tribes of the Khyber, they came into Jamrud bringing their rifles with them, and gave themselves up.

Now I do not consider that the Khyber Rifles were to blame for their conduct under the circumstances. They had been left to their fate, and, as others perhaps more civilised and enlightened than themselves would have done, they accepted their *kismet* and bowed to the god of fortune and war.

Captain Barton found out after his arrival at Jamrud, and after the Khyber Posts had fallen, that no attempt at succour on the part of the Government was intended, and he had been up to that time kept in entire ignorance of this decision. Had he known this on the 17th August (before leaving Landi Kotal) he would have removed his private property (all of which was sacrificed), baggage and ammunition, and marched his men down to Jamrud on his own responsibility, not leaving them to their fate.

CHAPTER III

ORDERED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

JULY 1897 was a very wet month in Bareilly, and twenty-five inches of rain fell. On the 23rd there was indeed a regular deluge—7·5 inches in the previous twenty-four hours. The roads at night were dangerous of passage, and it was hard for even gharries (carriages) to get along. One man of the Derbyshire Regiment walked into a pond which was flooded (the water being on a level with the road) and was drowned.

The rain was followed by what I should call a regular plague of black caterpillars, and the creatures hung by silken threads from the branches of trees, and, as one drove along, found their way down one's neck and all over one's garments. Then August came with all its sultriness and snakes, reserved for

those unfortunates who could not avail themselves of leave to the hills. The monotony was only varied by the constant news of the massing of troops on the frontier, and the consequent daily discussions at the Club as to what it all meant. Our previous frontier expeditions, of which over a score could be numbered, had only necessitated a few battalions and a battery or two of Mountain Artillery supplied from the Punjab Army; but now regiments and guns were being hurried up from every nook and corner of India, until a mixed force, almost unknown in the annals of the country, was gathered together apparently for some very wise but occult reason. What could it mean? Surely there was something *big* behind it all.

On the 17th August, at three p.m., I was comfortably extended in a long chair, imbibing tea, as usual, in the verandah, and with a copy of Lord Roberts's book on the Afghan War in my hands. Strange to say, I was at the time reading his account of the ex-

petition into the then unknown Khost country, where I had the honour of serving with him, when a telegram addressed to me by name was put into my hands by one of those polite messengers who always worry one by insisting on a receipt when you are perhaps trembling with excitement to open the uncanny-looking envelope.

Now, in the Service one is accustomed to official wires at all times, and takes little notice of them beyond other ordinary routine correspondence, so long as they are addressed in one's official capacity. If the name, however, be mentioned, the wire assumes a different aspect; it then means something for you, and you alone, and not for the holder of your appointment. Such was my wire of the 17th August.

I opened the envelope and found that I had been appointed Principal Medical Officer of the 2nd Reserve Brigade at Rawal Pindi. This sounded important, and reserve brigades in the frontier wars were certainly not common

contingencies. I was to proceed as soon as possible, which meant a good deal of work, for I had a bungalow full of things that could spoil, and my service kit and campaigning requirements had to be attended to. I really think an officer should always have ready packed not only his tent and camp bed, but everything else he would require were he suddenly to be ordered on active service.

Having carefully put away all valuables, pictures, etc., and packed my clothes, books, and other articles easily destroyed by white ants and other insects, I prepared my kit. Of course it was very hot at the time, and I did not know how long the coming campaign was to last; it was therefore necessary to put together clothing which would answer the purpose for both summer and winter. This was difficult to carry out on an 80-lb. scale. However, I made up my mind to take double that weight with me, intending to make an assortment of what was absolutely necessary at Rawal Pindi.

I will here mention what I consider the most important items of my kit, and give a few suggestions which may be found useful to those of my readers who may be ordered on active service at any time.

1. A soldier's black kit-bag.
2. Two pairs ammunition boots—the brown ones worn by mountain gunners being preferable.
3. Two pairs of khaki putties.
4. Water-bottle and haversack.
5. Two waterproof sheets. One will be useful to put over your horse in wet weather.
6. One pair Bedford cords.
7. Three soldiers' flannel shirts, which I found invaluable. They require well boiling and washing before use, and then will be found warm, comfortable and strong, and to shrink very slightly. They have, moreover, linen collar bands and metal buttons—both great advantages.
8. Three pairs soldiers' warm socks, and a pair of mitts.

9. A khaki serge coat lined with light flannel.

10. Regulation greatcoat lined with flannel.

11. Regulation waterproof coat.

12. Small canteen with enamel or aluminium cups and plates.

13. One set of spare horse-shoes (with nails) for each horse.

14. Small waterproof holdall to contain greatcoat and waterproof, and to be fastened on the saddle.

15. One pair flannel trousers, which will be found of great comfort after a long day's march.

16. One pair of slippers.

17. Trousers and riding-breeches to have double sets of buttons fastened on the waist. This will be found most useful, for if a button should come off when riding or walking there is another by its side ready fastened on.

18. A few of Lazenby's compressed soup tablets, which are excellent and easily prepared.

19. If the weather be very cold, take one loose blanket to bed with you and roll yourself in it, leaving the remainder of your bedding as on ordinary occasions.

20. When in camp, if you have a soup plate have it filled with hot water, and your dinner in an ordinary plate put over it. This will keep your repast warm, especially during its transit from the cook's fireplace to your tent.

21. With regard to one's servant's clothing, I found the following suitable, and for a wonder agreeable to their tastes :—

Posteen (coat lined with sheepskin).

Pair of warm pyjamas (drawers).

Pair of putties.

Pair of follower's ammunition boots.

Blanket.

Haversack and water-bottle.

It is customary when on active service to form messes, varying, of course, as to number. This system has its advantages, the chief being that carriage for messing utensils is

allowed for a certain number of individuals, and if a cook can be entertained so much the better. I am inclined to think, however, that most of these messes are too large for comfort, and, moreover, entail the bringing of a large tent and a great quantity of stores. Four in a mess is quite enough, and as Mahomedans or Madras boys are, as a rule, the only personal servants brought, one can be told off to cook.

Although it is necessary to do one's self as well as possible in trying times, yet I think the supply of comforts and luxuries is very much overdone nowadays. Tinned provisions of all kinds, and soda-water, are articles which the modern campaigner appears to always expect; while to be without bread, butter, milk and vegetables is looked upon as a terrible ordeal, and Marie biscuits, whisky and cigars have become almost a *sine quâ non*.

Things have changed in this respect in the last twenty years. Coffee-shops now accompany regiments, aerated water manufacturers

have, on some occasions, their spaces allotted to them in camp, and the Parsee and mercantile Mahomedân drive a roaring trade. I think extras should be sparely used, and carried more for emergencies and those who are sick. A couple of bottles of brandy, a dozen tins each of Bovril and preserved milk, and two pounds of arrowroot should suffice in the way of extras for four officers during a campaign of say three months.

As an ordinary stimulant (which should only be necessary at dinner-time) nothing is better, or cheaper than commissariat rum, and the daily ration tot (about a wine-glassful and a half) is sufficient, and should be mixed with double its quantity of water. I do not advocate the carrying of a filter of any kind, and it is better to rely on boiling as a purifier of water. Filters are a nuisance to carry and keep clean, and some of the most modern ones of medium size will only supply about sufficient filtered water for one or two persons daily. Moreover, it is

not always convenient, or even possible, to attend to the filtering of water.

The bread supplied in the Tirah Campaign—at least that which came under my notice—was the very best commissariat bread I have ever seen, and it was surprising that, under all circumstances and conditions of climate, and at times when it must have been very difficult to make as well as bake, our soldiers were never without their ration, and, as a rule, I found it well baked, and certainly not sourer than that supplied in cantonment.

The tea also was of fair quality, but the sugar was, as a rule, very inferior, and full of particles of fibre and dirt.

The ration supplied to one's servant was first-rate and ample. Indeed, I believe a native could scarcely get through the amount, and it was laughable to notice the daily fattening cheek and visible rotundity of one's faithful attendant. Its cost, too, was very moderate, which is more than I can say for that of his master's ration. A rupee a day

is a great deal too much to charge for an officer's ration, which, moreover, does not include rum, unless when specially ordered as an extra for all troops.

I trust it may some day dawn upon the mind of the Indian Government to provide the British officer with a free ration. Our horses were well fed for eight annas a day each; and the bhoosa (chopped straw), although sometimes very inferior, was at others good, and evidently appreciated by the animals.

CHAPTER IV

REMINISCENCES OF RAWAL PINDI

HAVING got my kit together and paid a few bills, I left Bareilly by the 11.15 p.m. train on the 19th August. It had been raining in torrents all day, and to make matters worse I was unable to get a box for my horse until the following morning, so was obliged to leave him behind, which was very unsatisfactory. My sais (native groom), too, bolted at the last moment, which did not improve matters.

However, I trusted to Providence, and a friend with whom I left my horse, to get a man who would bring him on. My departure was very dismal, and my feelings not improved by the receipt of a telegram from the authorities during the day, enquiring *when*

I was starting, although I may mention that I only received my wire to proceed at three p.m. on the 17th, and written orders to the same effect at eleven a.m. on the 18th. However, there is no feeling in officialism, and no allowances are made nor consideration given by those who have nothing to do but issue orders.

Our train started pretty punctually, and having said good-bye to a couple of brother officers at the station, I made down my bed. Saharanpur was reached at 5.30 a.m. on the 20th, and Umballa at eight a.m. the same day, where I had breakfast.

Many of my readers are no doubt aware of the constitution and procedure of a railway breakfast in India—the smoky butter, the leathery bread, the atrociously hot curry, the boiled milk, the microscopic mutton chop, etc., etc., and the feeling, when you have finished and paid your one rupee eight annas, plus baksheesh to the trousered Portuguese boy, that you are not quite certain whether you are hungry or not.

At two p.m. the same day we crossed the Beas river, which was flooded and rushing fast, rain falling with a vengeance. Lahore was reached at 4.30 p.m., and there we were politely informed by the traffic manager that the line was broken ahead (somewhere beyond Jhelum) on account of the flood. He therefore advised our getting out, at the same time telling us that our baggage would be cut off, as they would, if possible, get that on by means of coolies, who would carry it over the broken line.

This then meant sleeping in the station at Lahore, and an officer of the 2nd Ghurkhas, who was with me, and I consulted as to the best means of securing a comparatively comfortable night. He incidentally informed me that all the women and children from Peshawar and Cherat were being sent back, which looked as if matters on the frontier were assuming a still more unpleasant aspect.

We made down our beds on the table and chairs of the waiting-room, where several

others were doing the same. Having spent a tolerable night, but varied a good deal by mosquitoes, we managed to get away by a slow train at nine a.m. on the 21st, hoping eventually to get somewhere or other. When once more comfortably settled in our carriage, our faithful attendants having departed for a little refreshment for themselves, we were ordered to change into another. This meant dragging one's things out and a fair amount of bad language, although luckily it was tolerably cool from the constant rain. We breakfasted at 12.30 at Wazirabad and crossed the Chenab river at one p.m.

I noticed many waggon-loads of camels as we passed along, and I must say they looked extremely quaint as they travelled in the train, which was certainly to me a new era in civilisation.

Every expression of indignity, pride, weariness and nonchalance was to be seen on the countenances of these long-suffering animals. At two p.m. we heard that a breach in the line

ahead had been repaired, and also that a good many troops had been detained on account of the state of the line.

Time was important to men on their way to take up appointments, and when Jhelum was safely reached at four p.m. we were in a better frame of mind. We passed over the repaired breach at dusk, of course travelling very slowly and cautiously, and our destination, Rawal Pindi, was reached at 11.45 p.m. the same day. I felt very tired, and was glad to find a hotel—the Lime Tree—so close to the station. Such numbers of officers were at the time at Rawal Pindi, on their way to the front, and awaiting orders, etc., that I was extremely lucky in getting a room.

I may here remark that the Lime Tree Hotel, as far as cleanliness, feeding and general comfort go, is about the best I have come across in India, which may seem a somewhat alarming statement, but is nevertheless true. The dining-room with its small,

well-laid tables, the neatly-arranged flowers, the furniture and service, are all that can be desired, and one can see that the obliging manager and his worthy wife have spared no pains in doing all they can to make residents comfortable.

Many tents were pitched in the compound for the accommodation of those not provided with rooms, and I noticed that a few families were occupying some of them. I found that the Lime Tree Hotel was in days gone by the bungalow in which Sir Charles Brownlow lived, and I can recall many pleasant dinners and evenings spent with him some twenty years ago. The marks of his tennis-courts are even still to be seen.

To me there was a charm and a certain amount of deep interest in re-visiting Rawal Pindi after so long a time. So much had happened since, and the old days were still remembered, and although the place itself had been almost changed by the march of time out of all semblance, and many of the

old faces had long since gone, and were now known only to memory, yet it was a pleasure to hunt up the dear old bungalows, and carry one's imagination back to youthful days when we were boys and girls together.

The next day, Sunday, I drove round the cantonment. The present Army Medical Staff Mess occupies the bungalow in which General Macdonnell lived. I well remember the hospitality of General and Mrs Macdonnell, and the charming badminton parties in the pretty garden, and the toffee baskets and cream-sweets which one never sees in India nowadays. I was Staff-Surgeon to General Macdonnell at the time, and became on very intimate terms with him. His love for music, and his never being tired of listening to and speaking of it, caused much in common between us, and he used to say, "Now, Thomsett, play me one of those 'ratty' pieces of yours," meaning some piquant little *morceau*, spirited, vivacious and tuneful, of which he never seemed to tire.

I used to meet many musical as well as dramatic spirits at the General's house, among whom I can well recall Mrs Sidney Chalmers, who had a rich and brilliant soprano voice; Captain M'Call, an actor of high order; the late Sir Herbert Macpherson, the *beau ideal* of a soldier, with a sweet charm of manner, and a face beaming all over with good-nature. Mrs, now Lady, Macpherson I also knew very well in the old Pindi days, and I well remember a certain duet, humorous and dainty, which she and her husband used to sing.

Those were the days when Polly Travers would give us a rattling good Irish ditty, one of his favourites ending in this wise—

“ I'd marry ye all,
The long, short, and the tall,
Just in order to plaze ye, dears ; ”

when poor Griffin of the 9th often led the way at paper-chases; when Colonel Hudson brought down the house with “ Nancy Lee,” and Colonel Carter charmed everyone with his exquisite baritone voice and rendering

of "Rose Marie"; when Kingcraft and Mozelle displayed their prowess on the turf, when Hutchins of the 4th Hussars won the Kadir Cup, Marmaduke Tippetts had not yet been forgotten, and Thomas of the 9th showed them the way to do the new waltz, although he swore he did not know "God save the Queen" from any other tune, except by the hats coming off!

Polo was then young and tennis about to make its bow before the public; afternoon teas and cigarettes were, thank heaven! not yet a *sine qua non*. Lady nurses had not gained the universal footing they have since, and bad violin-playing was not quite so common as it is nowadays. These, too, were the days when the taste of the Mutiny and its subsequent vengeance were still on the mouth and in the heart of the native, who, moreover, had not been so transformed by civilisation that he forgot to salaam his master—the days when even the exalted Bengali baboo did not, as a rule, keep his

umbrella up to save his complexion on passing you by, and if riding at the time thought it even wise and polite to dismount.

Perhaps if our wise heads were to try and discover all the reasons for the state of unrest which prevailed in the country at the time of the Pathan revolt, they might, besides worrying to death the question of fanaticism and religious differences, fix their attention with advantage upon the causes of what I may call the *social* changes in the native, and observe the effect upon him of equality, superior education and civilisation.

Our leaders and men of note on the frontier were, in the old days, Cavagnari, Plowden, Keyes, and Sam Brown, while Roberts was comparatively unknown. Men stared at me in astonishment, lately, when I admitted my ignorance of the heroes and others of the present day. But I must now go on with my drive.

On my way to the A. M. S. Mess I

passed Flashman's Hotel. How strange the name sounded. Who did not know Rowbury and his hotel twenty years ago, and what tales he and it could tell? As I drove by I almost imagined I could see old General Barrett standing in the verandah, where in those days he appeared ever to be talking to his favourite Minah (bird). He was one of those institutions one meets now and then in a lifetime, and seemed to be part and parcel of Rowbury's. Everyone knew him, and everyone liked to talk to him of the days long before the Mutiny.

I tried to find the old Masonic Lodge in which I was initiated, but failed. What a host in masonry dear old Anthony Stewart, the cantonment magistrate, was! His uppermost thought, his greatest ambition, seemed to be the success of the Lodge he formed, and now named after his place in Scotland, and I well remember what a state of excitement he was in when the

Rose Croix Degree was to be given with the help of Colonel Noel Money (a very high Mason), who was coming from a great distance for the purpose.

I then drove up to the church and went in, but imagine my astonishment in finding that one of those terrible sewing-machine instruments had taken the place of the nice little organ we used to chant to long ago, when Hoysted never found the tenor part too high, or Jeffcoat the bass too low, in the anthem of Mendelssohn which was to astonish the congregation on Christmas Day. I could almost see Montague of the 4th Hussars, handsome as paint, twisting his moustache as he lolled back in the pew, and the "Poached egg" (soubriquet for another jovial spirit) yawning over one of Padre Laing's sermons.

I left the church and passed Nigel Jones's house, where we used to drop in after dinner to have "whisky, brandy, or gin," as he used to cheerily say.

Stranack's house came next. We used to chaff him very much about "My pony Charlie," a sturdy little piebald, which he advertised for sale. Then the Roman Catholic padre's, and finally my own little bungalow opposite, now closed, dilapidated and unlet, with not a remnant of the jumps I made in the compound to train the ponies over, one of which, a little black Pegu of 12.2, used to take his three-foot wall, with a three-foot ditch on the near side, easily.

What was Laurell's (4th Hussars) bungalow next door is now an Institute for soldiers, I believe. How changed it all was—so changed that I drove back to think it over in Sir Charles Brownlow's old bungalow.

CHAPTER V

DELAY

ON Monday, 23rd August, I duly reported myself at the Staff Office, and my readers can perhaps imagine my astonishment when I was informed with a smile, by a very cheery staff-officer, on my making myself and appointment known, that there was no such thing as the 2nd Reserve Brigade, and that he believed there never had been, except on paper. I was further enlightened to the effect that my General (Westmacott) was at the present moment at Jamrud, and that the troops connected (on paper) with the before-mentioned brigade were—well—he did not quite know where, but at any rate were neither assembled at Rawal Pindi nor at Jamrud!

Having, however, been told to take my orders from General Westmacott, I accordingly wired to him for instructions, and was ordered, in reply, to remain at Rawal Pindi for the present, and to be ready to proceed to Peshawar if necessary.

It appeared to me, therefore, somewhat strange, under the circumstances, that I was to be held responsible for the medical and sanitary details of the 2nd Reserve Brigade, which I had neither joined nor seen, and whose whereabouts were quite unknown to me. I therefore prepared to make the best of things, and await further developments. The Royal Irish Regiment and a Field Battery left for the front on the same day, and my clerk, beaming and full of zeal, arrived. I got my office tent and furniture, and invested in a few useful articles, such as an enamel mug, a useful little candle-lamp, made out of a thick bottle and tin, and a khaki forage cap.

I may mention that Sunday the 22nd

was a very wet day, and I spent a large portion of it at the railway station getting my baggage, which it may be remembered had been detached at Lahore. A squadron of the 9th Bengal Lancers detrained the same day, having come from Fyzabad, and I thought their horses looked thin. They had been five days in the train.

I was glad to find my horse turning up the following day, but with a sais (native groom) I had never seen before, looking as unconcernedly as if he had only crossed the road. This was the sais who at the last moment was induced to leave Bareilly and share the fortune of his unknown master, and he was found by the Rest Camp officer wandering about the railway station at Rawal Pindi looking for "Tomsin" Sahib.

My horse's legs were very puffy, and he looked a bit tucked up after his five days' journey. While at the Lime Tree Hotel, where, by-the-bye, the mosquitoes were unusually large and attentive, I met several old

friends, all waiting to join different appointments, one of whom cheerfully greeted me with, "I heard you were dead long ago!" They were all young fellows, brimful of excitement and anxiety to move on—young fellows who in cantonment are ever in request.

Indeed, it has often struck me how much better young officers get on socially than their seniors, however experienced and interesting they are, or should be, the reason being that when one becomes senior one is apt, or even obliged, to be more or less on one's dignity, for official and other reasons, and consequently will be avoided by the younger (junior) generation, who always feel the restraint caused by the necessary respect and deference due to army rank.

How different all this is in civil life, and many a lieutenant-colonel, who commands not only his regiment but a large amount of dignity and honour from his

officers, and who, much to his disgust (being perhaps a young man of forty-two summers), is obliged by the rules of society to continually *take in* the senior lady, may be found when on leave at home, and far away from the usages of officialism, dancing a polka with eighteen summers, and patted on the back, and "hail fellow well met" with the young bloods.

On the 26th I drove round the park with a young fellow who commenced airing his philosophy by remarking that he intended drawing two months' pay in advance, because, "suppose a fellow got shot the next day!" What a score, I thought. I always liked Pindi park, and in the old days the band used to play there (I do not know if it does now); but when we arrived at the half-way spot, a sheltered and pretty nook situated just before the ascent which leads to a turn in the road, we found the old band-stand a thing of the past, but there were still, although in a rather di-

lapidated condition, a couple of seats, on one of which I remember Elliott (now I believe riding-master at Sandhurst) sitting while I admired the cut of his overalls.

We came home by way of the Public Gardens, which, of course, have remained practically the same, although the road leading to them was unrecognisable by me, and then passed through the old Sudder Bazaar.

Among the faces which I missed while at Pindi were those of Burke the photographer, and a Mr Butler, who used to be the owner of several bungalows, etc., both men whom one seemed to associate with the station.

On the 27th I again went to the railway station to see the arrival of No. 23 British Field Hospital, with which were some old Netley friends of mine. It was at this time I first noticed the wearing of the Turkish fez by Mahomedans, which appeared to me (as already remarked) rather significant of the late victory over Greece. On the 28th news arrived of the defeat of

the Khyber Rifles and seizure of the Khyber Pass, with Ali Masjid and Landi Kotal, by the Afridis.

At dinner this subject was freely discussed, and I was informed by one of the company that we paid 84,000 rupees a year for being allowed to keep open the Khyber, and a like sum to the Khyber Rifles for carrying out this object. I therefore suggested that perhaps Government would now think it prudent to take up a definite attitude in the matter, although perhaps on a different plan, and as at the time we had some 42,000 troops assembled, a decisive policy should not be very difficult to proclaim. Rain fell on the 29th and we were all tired of the delay; indeed, it appeared to us that the authorities must have some deep and great scheme in contemplation, or else why should they waste so much time, thereby giving fresh confidence to the frontier tribes, who always consider hesitation a sign of weakness?

The same afternoon, who should I meet

but my old munshi (language teacher), by whose aid and instruction I passed the Lower standard some two-and-twenty years before. He was being carried in a dooly (kind of palanquin), and when I stopped him he told me he had long since discontinued teaching, as he was a confirmed invalid. He also confided in me the fact that he was owed a good deal of money. I also met my old friend Major Downey, who was in the 72nd Highlanders during the last Afghan War.

On the 31st August I received orders to proceed at once to Peshawar, and was lucky enough in securing a box for my horse the same night. I now rearranged my belongings, and decided to leave a good many things with the manager of the hotel, taking only with me a veritable 80-lb. kit.

The last time I was in India there was no railway north of Jhelum, so that the journey in the train to Rawal Pindi and Peshawar was new to me. On the 1st September I left Pindi at 3.15 a.m. There

was a detachment of the 4th Dragoon Guards at the station, waiting to go on in the same train. In three hours we reached Attock (twenty years ago it took as many days to get there), and I noticed the very fine bridge now built over the Indus. In the old days there was only a bridge of boats there, which was constantly being repaired, and as the river had been known to rise seventy feet, a pukka (real or substantial) bridge and one of great height and strength was necessary.

I got a cup of very bad tea at a place just past Attock, called Khairabad, and Nowshera was reached at 7:15 a.m., where commissariat stores and camels were in great abundance. It was still very hot, and I thought how easy and comfortable campaigning would be in a cool climate, and without mosquitoes, etc. The crops looked nice and green towards Peshawar, where we arrived at 8:45 a.m., and the atmosphere was very steamy.

I met a dear old friend here (Surgeon-Major Reid), who took me to his bungalow, where I enjoyed a good long sleep. The following day I breakfasted in our comfortable little mess, and called upon General Elles, who at once remembered me, we having served together in Pindi in the seventies, when he was in a Battery of Artillery.

I again noticed the apparent ignorance of everyone with regard to future events, and no doubt when the order to move came it would be a sudden one. The Reserve brigades were also unfamiliar, and I remained in blissful ignorance as to the duties of my appointment.

Of course, in Peshawar, times were a bit stirring, and columns were, I was told, constantly going out at an hour's notice, which caused everyone to be more or less on the alert. One of these columns went out on the night of the 1st September, and another on the afternoon of the 2nd.

CHAPTER VI

IN PESHAWAR

THE account of the fight at Shabkadar was in everybody's mouth, as also the bravery of Surgeon-Captain Goodwin and the splendid behaviour of the 20th Punjab Infantry on that occasion, and I was told that a soldier in this regiment had had the honour of firing at his own father for a considerable time during the fight! My readers in England will therefore understand what an enormous degree of loyalty is expected of our Indian soldiers, who assuredly must be given great credit for their conduct in wars carried on against their kith and kin.

Peshawar is a very pretty little station, although I am sorry to say it is still pos-

sessed of, and disfigured by, the same old dilapidated-looking bungalows which I remember stamped the place years ago, and I have no hesitation in saying that people at home would not put a cow into some of them. My dressing-room would have struck terror into the hearts of many a London British soldier, and one could only imagine it as a haunt of scorpions, centipedes, snakes and rats!

The roads are beautifully kept, however, and gay flowers seem to blossom and bloom all the year round, lining the pathways as they do, and unmolested by the passers-by. In England, what little urchin could have resisted the temptation of plucking them, or twisting an eligible branch from one of the young trees which abound?

On the 4th one of the 4th Dragoon Guards was killed while reconnoitring near Jamrud, and a party of the 11th Hussars was despatched to Hari Sing, a place about five miles from Peshawar. In this steamy

weather Tommy Atkins was feeling a bit done up, and looked very tired when occasionally met on baggage-guard trudging along with the camels.

I was told, but cannot vouch for the truth of the story, that once upon a time a person was murdered in Peshawar by one of his own servants, and that the inscription on his tombstone was as follows: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." It was a suitable inscription at any rate.

I noticed the useful little gigs which frequented the station, with their white canvas hoods, and I had not seen anything similar to them before, for they appear to take the place of the tikka (four-wheeled conveyance) and phaeton gharries (carriages) of other cantonments, but move along at a much greater speed. They are driven by wild-looking jehus, who, from their appearance, I should say hailed from the direction of the Afridi country.

Orders were issued early in September

that two brigades under General Elles were to operate against the Mohmunds, but I found myself without an appointment in connection with the expedition, much to my regret, more especially as I knew the commander of it to be one of our strong men.

On Tuesday the 7th I met a very old friend in Lieut.-Colonel Deane, 13th Bengal Lancers, and we had a chat over the days when at Powell's hotel at Murree we used to put the chairs aside and have a dance after dinner. Indeed, it was he who first instructed me in the mysteries of the (then) new waltz. We also spoke of those badminton matches, which appear now to have become a thing of the past, when everyone was as interested as they are now over golf, and which were accompanied by jolly spreads and jolly people. I remember, too, how members of a family, of which I can recall one now—the Rosses—used to challenge everyone else in the place—ay, and beat them, too!

We had happy times at Powell's in those days, when Mrs Fletcher used to charm us with her brilliant pianoforte-playing, when Charlie Young would entertain a select and jovial company of bachelors in the small hours of the morning with his numerous banjo songs, on which instrument he was quite the best performer I have ever met, and when Captain Daniells exhibited the only little dog in India who could tumble head over heels like an acrobat.

During the month of September the A. M. S. mess was somewhat taxed as to room, for a great number of our officers were collecting in Peshawar. Of course, mess clothes were out of the question, as most of us were on 80-lb. kits and khaki was the order of the day and night.

I was sometimes chaffed about the present location of the 2nd Reserve Brigade and the exact nature of my appointment, but I felt there was a good time coming, so joined in the laughter.

One morning at breakfast, who should walk in but Harry Stanley Massy, in the proud position of Provost Marshal to the Mohmund Force. A moment before I had been somewhat annoyed on the receipt of a telegram which had taken six days to reach me from Bombay, but my old friend's beaming countenance made me forget and forgive the delay. How he brought back to me the twenty years ago period, and but for the streaks of grey, and a slightly more important figure, I thought him just the same as ever.

I can recall him when struggling in the saddle with all kinds of four-footed animals, and at our jolly little whist-parties on those sultry afternoons, when he was learning the language, which, he declared, was, after all, very like French, when he used to add an impromptu but tuneful whistling bass to another man's tune, and when he and I would gravely measure ourselves against the wall to see who was the taller! He is

married now, he told me, and has become sedate and domestic, but still has the merry twinkle in his eye.

About this time I first made the acquaintance of Lionel James, a war correspondent who was about to report upon the coming campaign. He was versatile, smart, and excellent company, and able, I thought at the time, to undergo any kind of hardship, privation and general "roughing it."

My fellow-traveller in the train as far as Rawal Pindi I learned had had a great deal of fever since I saw him, and on the 10th September was brought before a Medical Board for purposes of invaliding.

A slight scare at Jamrud varied the monotony on the night of the 13th, and the following day the Rajah Patiala and Sir Pertab Singh arrived, with the object, I believe, of acting as A.D.C.s. to General Elles.

By the middle of the month, perhaps the most unhealthy one of the year, I began to feel somewhat out of sorts, which was not

improved by discovering that the cause of at any rate two sleepless nights had been the tracking of thousands of black ants over my head and face as I lay in bed. I suppose they were making, as they probably considered, a short cut to some new abode, but they might have gone *under* the bed, I thought, instead of taking the trouble to climb up the leg of my charpoy (bed) and making a road across my very nose.

If such a misfortune should ever befall any of my readers, let me recommend the placing of the legs of the charpoy (bed) in gumlahs (basins) of water, which I found most efficient, although some evil-disposed person informed me afterwards that ants had a knack of forming bridges of their own bodies across water, and thus allowed others to pass over them. I do not know whether to believe this or not.

The Club is, of course, one of the institutions of Peshawar. I sometimes went there and managed to have a few games of badminton,

but I noticed, as I have done all over India at the present time, that the men congregated together at the refreshment tables set apart for them, the ladies occupying chairs placed in a circle and some distance from the sterner sex. There they sat sipping coffee or partaking of ices, and were seldom entertained by the gentlemen. This is only a part of the new social system in India, and I have often wondered what the cause of it all is. Why is India so much more unsociable than it was twenty years ago? Well, I have come to the conclusion that the first reason is the journey home is so much quicker than it used to be, and consequently people are now less dependent upon each other for society and friendships. Then again the establishing of clubs in almost every station that can support them, and thereby a more economical means of entertaining, has practically done away with regimental entertainments.

Every one nowadays verges towards the Club in the evening, and people can see each

other there almost any day, where the offer of a drink, a cigar, or an ice, covers everything in the way of entertaining, and does away with the necessity for At Homes and big spreads.

But who does not remember with the happiest feelings the time when each regiment had its weekly or fortnightly afternoon, when the guests, as they arrived, were welcomed to the mess by the officers? Who does not remember the long white tables outside, laden with all sorts of goodies, the band of the regiment discoursing sweet music, and maybe an adjournment afterwards to the mess-room, where the floor had been waxed for the benefit of the waltzers?

Increased civilisation in the matter of servants, and even the introduction of English commodities, have also, to my mind, had their influence in affecting the sociability of the country. India remained thoroughly sociable and unlike any other land in that respect while it remained Indian, and directly you commenced improving it out

of all semblance, you removed its personality, as it were. The introduction of sauces, tinned provisions, ay, even curry powder, which your cook will now produce from a tin of Crosse & Blackwell, has had (although it may seem absurd) its influence on the changes wrought in India, and lastly the vanishing rupee, concomitant with the increased price of everything, is by degrees preventing would-be entertainers from displaying their good-nature and sociable instincts.

We are inclined to ask where are those breakfasts which one remembers, when open house was kept and places laid for friends dropping in on their way home from their morning ride? Where are such men to be found now as old Thompson of Attock, who for years entertained all officers as they marched through between Pindi and Peshawar, and gave them the very best of wine and welcome?

The 19th September was a red-letter day to me, for I received during the afternoon a

telegram appointing me for duty in the coming Tirah Expedition. This news, which spread like wildfire to the ears of the servants, had the disastrous effect of making my Bearer sick ; indeed, it is wonderful, and passing strange to the uninitiated, how almost magically and instantaneously one's domestics in India fall ill upon certain occasions, or are the receivers of news telling them of the dreadful illness or even sudden death of a dear relative. Some have been known to thus kill a mother every year, or arrange that a brother should fall the victim of some dire disease the very moment you require his services !

My readers will therefore understand that now matters were coming to a crisis and an advance into the enemy's country probable, how extremely ill my servant became. However, by dint of promise of double pay, suitable clothing and coaxing, he was induced to make up his mind to follow the fortune of his master, and consequently he rapidly recovered his indisposition, and found it

unnecessary to kill a loving parent or afflict a relative with even the mildest complaint.

My telegram was duly followed by the usual official letter, and I found myself appointed Principal Medical Officer of the Peshawar Column, under Brigadier-General Hammond.

Now, as the Tirah Expeditionary Force proper consisted of certain divisions and brigades, a good many questions were asked me, sometimes quite good-naturedly I must confess, as to what the Peshawar Column meant, and what it was going to do? The only information which could at the time be given on the subject was that the column was to be a *containing* one. This, I suppose, meant a good deal, and, no doubt, was part and parcel of the great scheme by which the Pathan revolt was to be quelled and the tribes smashed for ever.

The authorities went to great pains in printing the fullest details of the expedition, its composition and general motive; and careful and well-thought-out instructions

were promulgated. I forgot to mention that when the Mohmund Expedition was organised I was ordered to hand over to the Principal Medical Officer of that force the tent, furniture, and box of stationery which I had received in connection with my appointment with the 2nd Reserve Brigade, and I therefore had to obtain these necessities again for the Peshawar Column. I also received a new clerk in place of the one I had handed over with the aforementioned tent, etc.

On the evening of the 24th, two officers of the 11th Hussars, who were returning from Peshawar to their camp at Hari Sing, were fired upon, but I do not think were hit.

On the 27th, Mr Rene Bull, the *Black and White* artist, turned up, and the following day General Hammond arrived.

I received another wire instructing me to join my appointment on the 3rd October, and in the meantime the Mohmund Expeditionary Force returned to Peshawar, having duly accomplished its object under General Elles.

CHAPTER VII

STILL WAITING

HAVING called upon General Hammond, I opened my office and let my clerk, Mr Subba Ram, into some of the secrets of my character and enlightened him with my views as to procedure in connection with the duties involved upon me. I found him a very intelligent member of his class, young and obliging, and we got on extremely well. No pains were spared in making the scheme for the Tirah Expedition as perfect as possible, and the proofs reached their sixth copy before everything in them was correct.

There was one subject upon which I think all the members of the Staff were decided and of one opinion, which was that our General was one of the soundest men that

could have been selected for his appointment. General Hammond is perhaps about the best-decorated man in the army, and when you meet him, as I did, for the first time, you are at once impressed by his strong face, his decisive manner, and his powerful physique. You are not long with him in the field, moreover, before you are made acquainted with his ideas of absolute command, his varied experience, his knowledge of the requirements of hill fighting, and his mastery of detail and general information.

One cannot always expect the same traits of character in different individuals, and I am inclined to attribute a good deal of Lord Roberts's success to his great personal charm of manner and the affection for him which all those who served under him had. His long experience, too, in the Quartermaster-General's department no doubt helped him in Afghanistan to get over many difficulties with regard to transport, the planning of routes,

selection of camping-grounds, etc., and tended to equalise any disadvantage resulting from want of experience in strictly military matters (tactics, strategy, etc.). Yet in General Hammond one felt absolutely secure in the wisdom of his procedure, and could but admire his self-reliance and unwavering perseverance. Even the *names* of some men, such as Nicholson, carried with them esteem, power and success, and, as I have often said, had Lord Roberts come out to the Tirah Expedition, his reputation might have been worth a whole brigade, for his name alone would have inspired with chivalry the native soldiers who had known him, and his presence renewed the old love for their former master.

When a man, too, is known to all by an endearing soubriquet, it means a great deal, and who amongst the soldiers of India, from the commander-in-chief down to the last-joined British recruit, does not speak of Lord Roberts as "Little Bobs"? What I

personally noticed in him most was his good-humour, his gracious treatment of the junior officers to whom he appeared to act as a friend on all occasions, his constant endeavour to brush away little difficulties as they occurred, and his thoughtfulness of those who, perhaps, required but a kind word. I remember how he would sometimes take my arm as we walked up and down between the rows of tents, and ask if he could do anything for me. He was, moreover, a man who worked *through* his staff, and not given to issuing orders only, and was not above taking advice from those who knew more than he did about the subject which might be under discussion. One found in him not only the General, but a friend and companion.

A good deal of this may be sentiment, but, after all, is there not a great deal of sentiment in the world, and can we quite do without it?

Rumours went the rounds of the station

in due course that some of the Afridis were trying to make terms with us, but I never thought we would accept any this side of Tirah. In the meantime, both officers and men were suffering a good deal from fever in Peshawar, and a move out under canvas, although the weather was still hot, was desirable. As my horse was beginning to show signs of decay, and as the coming expedition might be a long as well as a trying one, I invested in a good strong country-bred, which had not been long out of the hands of the dealer, and was consequently a bit raw.

On the 10th October an officer of the 4th Dragoon Guards was shot dead while patrolling with a party of his men in a small pass near Jamrud, towards Bara, and on the following day the 34th Pioneers joined our force. The weather was still so warm that it was not until the night of the 13th that I could dispense with a punkah.

On the 16th news came that there had

been a certain amount of disaffection in the 17th Bengal Cavalry at Umballa, also that the regiment had been disarmed. I do not know how the rumour originated, but as the regiment consisted of Pathans and Punjabi Mussulmen, I fancy some credence was given to the report at the time. However, it was said to be untrue, and the whole thing denied in the *Civil and Military Gazette* of the 15th October.

A curious form of amusement appeared to be rather in vogue at this time with the subalterns of a regiment stationed in Peshawar, who would drive past one's bungalow late at night (after mess, I suppose), and scream, "O you brute!" in a woman's voice. On one occasion it caused great consternation to some of the members of our mess, several of whom rushed out to the rescue of the seemingly injured female.

On the 18th a number of the 9th Bengal Lancers, under Captain Brazier Creagh, were killed, wounded and missing, while recon-

noitring near the Bara Valley. It appears that they went through the Gandao Pass safely, and were returning home by another route when they were fired upon. This affair was at the time not considered quite satisfactory, and appeared to demand a court of inquiry.

I occupied the remainder of my time in Peshawar in making inspections of field hospitals and regiments, and the general arrangement of medical details. I found the number of transport animals somewhat under strength in both hospitals, but this was subsequently remedied.

As fever was prevalent in the regiments, daily issues of quinine were now recommended, and all ranks were supplied with first field dressings, their uses and application being at the same time explained by the different medical officers. It was a matter of importance that a reserve stock of medical comforts and a good supply of lime juice should be stored at the Base (Peshawar)

when we moved on, and this matter was satisfactorily attended to.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 20th October my heart was gladdened by the sight of Colonel Gwatkin, A.A. and Q.M-G., who called round at my bungalow to inform me that the column was to move to Bara the following day.

I may mention that, while in Peshawar, I had the pleasure of listening to part of the Royal Sussex band (about twenty men), which was playing at the Club one afternoon, and not only was it very far above the average regimental band, but the selection of music given was a great improvement on that which one has so often to listen to. Now this success in a band must be not only due to the possession of a *musical* band-master, but also to the interest taken in it by the officers. It is sometimes the case that a regiment possesses not a single officer having the least trace of music in his soul, and then, unfortunately, interest in the band

wanes, and, as often happens, a good choice of music by the bandmaster is condemned as not being lively enough. The consequence is that only the lightest and most popular music is performed, which is easily played by the men, and thus no improvement can possibly take place. Then, again, the poor condition of our average military band is doubtless due to the want of musical instinct (not training) in the bandmaster.

Kneller Hall can teach a man to beat time, play an instrument, and score in a humdrum manner, but it will never produce a real musician nor create a gift which is only born of God. I may mention that none of the regiments of the Peshawar Column brought their band instruments with them. For my own part, I think a band, when marching, quickens the step, raises the spirits, and tends to imbue men with martial vigour.

CHAPTER VIII

WE LEAVE PESHAWAR

BEFORE the column left Peshawar, a portion of the troops were already stationed at Bara, where we all hoped eventually to move to as a preliminary to the final advance into the enemy's country.

On the 21st October the Peshawar Column marched to Bara, a distance of about eight miles, at seven a.m., the force consisting of the following troops, etc. :—

9th Bengal Lancers.

No. 57 Field Battery, Royal Artillery.

No. 3 Mountain Battery, Royal Artillery.

2nd Batt. Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

2nd Batt. Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

No. 5 Company Bengal Sappers and Miners.

9th Ghurkhas.

34th Pioneers.

45th Sikhs.

No. 5 British Field Hospital.

No. 45 Native Field Hospital.

This gave a total of 98 British officers (not including officers of the Staff), 1804 European ranks, and 2884 Native ranks, or a grand total of 4786 of all ranks.

Out of this force there were the following sick: 1 British officer, 122 European ranks and 38 Native ranks, or a total of 161 of all ranks.

Accompanying the force were 4000 followers and 3923 transport animals, and the latter were made up as follows:—

2008 mules

1227 ponies

688 donkeys

3923

The column marched with tents, and on the full scale of baggage, and I may mention that before we left I had 112 British and

32 Native sick transferred to the Peshawar hospitals as being unfit to proceed. I rose at five a.m. ; it was then cold, and the moon was shining brightly. Some tea and boiled eggs fortified the inner man, and then I superintended the packing of my kit, and the placing of it, with tents and office gear, upon the five mules which I had duly received the night before. I had previously bought a cheap and light pack-saddle, which was carried by my spare horse, and which could, if necessary, accommodate any surplus weight of kit.

Soon after starting, my personal assistant, Surgeon - Captain Newman, was kicked on the back by a mule ; but although I found him somewhat out of breath, he was able to ride on with me.

General Hammond passed the column early in the day, and got in front of the dust, and Major Becker, D.A.A.G., rode on to Bara to lay out the camp.

The sun was still very strong, and

although the march was not a long one, the heat and dusty (and in some places rugged) condition of the road made it somewhat tiring.

Nothing worthy of note occurred during the journey, and the men marched well, with very little falling out. The transport animals, however, were by no means good, and several fell under their loads.

I attached myself for the greater part of the journey to the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, who formed the advance guard, and I was greatly struck at the time, and often afterwards, with the fine swing of the men of this regiment when marching. They looked very fit, and trudged along solemnly and quietly; there may perhaps have been a few tears falling! Surgeon-Major Reid was with them, and as he and I were old friends, we found the time pass quickly.

About half-way to Bara I was handed a letter (I forget by whom) from home, which was most welcome. How much the soldier

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loves receiving an English letter; indeed, I have known a man to pass one round to a few of his comrades to read, which they seemed to thoroughly enjoy, although the contents were written by a perfect stranger to them. The dear old bhistie (water carrier), the best and most faithful servant in India, was well up with his men, ready to give them a drink when required.

I noticed how impressed and astonished the people who inhabited dwellings along the Bara road were as our Maxims (we had two) passed, carried by mules, and they were evidently new to them. It is strange to watch the baggage animals tied together in long strings, and on one occasion a loaded mule was seen to slip his bridle over his head and remain calmly by the roadside, while the one that had been attached to him in front went on in happy oblivion of the fact.

Bara was sighted by nine a.m., and as we marched in we first passed the Commis-

sariat lines, surrounded by wire entanglement. Our camp was pitched on a very stony site, about a mile to the north-west of Bara Fort. Jamrud lay to the north, and the Afridi hills to the west. The river Bara was about a quarter of a mile to the south of camp. The water from this river supplies the Bara tanks (where it is stored), and eventually Peshawar, by the following process. The water flows direct from the river into covered *ways* near Ilamgudr, a place about two and a half miles from Bara, and is thence passed into the tanks before mentioned, where it is allowed to settle. It is then carried by pipes into filter beds, which are placed outside Peshawar.

For the use of the column, the drinking water was procured from the tanks by means of pumps, while the animals were watered directly from the river *below* the *intake* of the water at Ilamgudr. I have often wondered, when we invade his country, why the enemy does not attack just as the column

arrives in camp. What an advantage he would have, supposing he were to choose a time when tents were being pitched, arms had been piled, and the men tired and scattered in every direction. The waiting about in a hot sun for one's baggage to come up is always trying, but we managed to get a snack of tinned meat and bread.

Officers' tents nowadays are a great improvement on those I remember twenty years ago, many being supplied with pockets in the sides, where any odds and ends can be placed, and cords slung across to hang clothes, etc., upon. I noticed some khaki tents, which perhaps are an improvement for military reasons, because less discernible (like khaki clothing), but I believe are much hotter than white ones, as they are affected more strongly by the sun's rays.

The Field Hospitals came up well with the rest of the column on this our first march, and were pitched about the centre of the camp, no Quarter or Rear guards being sup-

plied, as under the present conditions of a protected camp they are considered unnecessary, troops being placed all round the perimeter.

During the afternoon I met a very old friend in Mr Dease, the Superintendent of Post-Offices for the Peshawar Column, who had served with me in the last Afghan War, and who remembered many incidents connected with our journeys in the Kurram Valley together.

I was very tired towards evening, and glad to turn in early our first night at Bara.

CHAPTER IX

AT BARA

OUR camp at Bara was about 640 by 400 yards in extent, and was well entrenched, a fairly high wall of stones, earth, and bramble, surrounding it, and I noticed that the portion of the face occupied by the Sappers and Miners and 34th Pioneers was exceedingly well made, and capable of a good defence. The Staff tents were pitched just in rear of the Mountain Battery.

The day after our arrival at Bara, a good many telegrams were flying round, and the authorities were wiring for information with regard to our lines of communication, but it was impossible to enlighten them on the subject, as no one, including the General, knew what our future movements were to be,

or whether we were to act in concert with the Tirah Force, which was advancing from Kohat.

Vegetables were procurable from Peshawar, and as the rations both for European and Native troops were good, and drinking water was excellent, there was little cause of complaint, although I did hear of a certain staff officer whose false teeth had been extracted by the ration beef! Indeed, we had not been long at Bara before an enterprising Mahomedan set up a soda-water factory, which occupied a tent in the camp.

The Post worked well, the mails being carried to and from Peshawar by rough-looking horsemen, who travelled on their shaggy ponies at a good pace.

I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance here of Surgeon-Lt.-Colonel Ahmed, who was in charge of No. 45 Native Field Hospital. He was well known throughout the Punjab for his hospitality, and became very popular among the officers of the Peshawar Column. He, moreover, seemed to always be able to

command a never-failing supply of sweets, cakes and fruit, etc., when no one else was able to think of such delicacies. He had many friends among the Mahomedans of Peshawar, and no doubt reckoned among them Afridis and other Pathans; indeed, his influence and his reputation as a doctor seemed so great that I felt sure he could have even established a practice in Tirah itself. I have often seen red-dyed, bearded old warriors seated in his tent, conversing with him in some extraordinary dialect, and it struck me that the Government might perhaps do worse than secure the services of such men as Ahmed to smooth over political differences, or at any rate lead the way to friendly discussions on the state of affairs. I had many enjoyable dinners with Ahmed, and, I must say, appreciated them and his society very much. It was a great thing during a campaign, and often after a weary day, I went over and had a cup of tea and a chat with this hospitable friend.

From the 23rd of October armed working parties for the purpose of clearing and making the road towards Ilamgudr went out almost daily, and I made suitable medical arrangements to meet the requirements in case of attack.

The Staff officers of the Peshawar Column were divided into three messes, the first consisting of the General, Lt.-Colonel Gwatkin, A.A. and Q.M.-G., Major Becker, D.A.A.G., Captain Bretherton, Chief Commissariat Officer, Lieutenant Hammond (nephew of the General), Orderly Officer, Captain Barton, Political Officer, the Veterinary Surgeon, and one or two others. The second Staff mess consisted of Lt.-Colonel Marriott Smith, Commanding Royal Artillery, Major Spilsbury, R.E., Major Rowan, Senior Ordnance Officer, Captain Hoghton, Intelligence Officer, Captain Drake, R.A., Captain Platt, Provost Marshal, Lieutenant Farwell, R.E., and myself. I cannot say we were a very festive lot, but being intelligent and learned, perhaps it was better

as it was, and many and deep were the evening discussions over our cups of cocoa.

The course of events and general ideas as to coming tactics and possibilities were well expounded by our Intelligence Officer, who often varied his interesting conversation with smart little anecdotes. Major Rowan enlightened us on every detail connected with messing arrangements, and the wily methods pursued by cooks in general, and our cook in particular, while the very merry Platt was perhaps the life and soul of our community, his quaint way of telling a story, his wit and constant good-temper and cheerfulness being always acceptable and a source of enjoyment.

Captain Drake in the first instance managed the mess, and bravely withstood the arguments and persuasions of our cook, and with perfect equanimity listened to the fact of eight loaves of bread having been consumed by eight hungry soldiers daily.

Lt. - Colonel Marriott Smith I had met before during the eighties at Gibraltar. He

is to my mind the *beau ideal* of a Christian soldier, and with all his quiet, unassuming manner he struck me as being exceptionally brave and a very keen soldier. He held services frequently among the men in the evenings (there was no chaplain with the Peshawar Column), and although it was somewhat sad upon the ear to have to listen to a very doleful selection of hymns every day at dinner-time, yet one must but admire Colonel Smith for his earnestness and his constant wish to do good, and if I were further asked to describe him I should say that he was the kind of man who would probably be among the number left *out* of despatches.

On the second night after our arrival at Bara our camp was fired into, with the result that one commissariat follower was dangerously wounded, and two bullocks stolen. This *sniping* into camp, as it is called, makes one more nervous than anything I am aware of. It is, indeed, a horrid feeling, while lying in bed in the dark, and

perhaps awakened out of a well-earned sleep, to hear the bullets whizzing through the air, each one as it were a messenger of death. One's first impulse, if a bullet should pass near one's tent, is to jump out of bed, if you have one, and then to get under it. You are afraid to light a candle, because this might attract the attention of the snipers, and while the firing goes on it means (to me) no more sleep. It is really a wonder that more men and animals are not hit, but I suppose one's individual chance of escape is pretty great.

One often discussed in camp different plans and suggestions to avoid being hit while in bed, an eventuality to me which always seemed like a snake bite, and a very ignominious method of losing one's life. Some advocated sleeping on the ground, thereby avoiding the height given by a bedstead; some went so far as dig *graves* in the ground to sleep in, so that they could lie flush with Mother Earth; while others built *sangars* (parapets) of stones of different heights round their tents.

No one, however, appeared to agree on the subject, and our discussions nearly always ended in the wisest present remarking that precautions were not worth the trouble, and, after all, lessened one's chance of being hit very slightly.

I may remark that the enemy seemed to invariably aim at the Staff lines, the position of which they probably marked off during the day, and on more than one occasion bullets dropped near the General's tent.

One morning, after a night of sniping, I discovered a very suspicious-looking hole through my own tent, and one or two individuals besides myself thought it was due to a bullet. Another mark for the snipers, no doubt, was the red lamp of a field hospital, and any object in the line of its fire was therefore in great danger. In the last Afghan War I remember, while at Thall, we were subject to plenty of night fire from a neighbouring hill, but the velocity and rectitude of a jezail (native matchlock) slug was a very different thing to the bullet of a Martini-

Henry or Lee-Metford rifle, many of which our present enemy possessed.

While at Bara the sniping came entirely from the open, as no hills were near enough to fire from, so the marauders must not only have come some miles to attain their object, but were obliged to creep up across the open plain until within a suitable distance of our camp.

I rather suspected that some neighbouring villages furnished the wily snipers at Bara, and I believe they were duly warned on the subject. In front of my tent a good wide road was made to an opening of similar width at the perimeter, and which therefore led to the open country, and as I walked round camp in the evenings I could not help noticing what a clear track this road was for snipers. On one side of this road the Mountain Battery was placed, and on the other the 45th Sikhs. On the 24th October two sections of No. 54 Native Field Hospital joined the column, in charge of Surgeon-Captain Brown, I.M.S., who was a very smart officer.

Captain Platt of the Somersets also arrived the same day to take up the duties of Provost Marshal. Telegraph communication with Peshawar was also completed, and last but not least I became the possessor of a very excellent zinc tub for bathing purposes, lent me by my friend Ahmed.

The health of the troops was now good, and on the 25th there were only twenty-three patients in the British and seven in the Native field hospital, no officer being on the sick list.

The maps which had been issued by the Intelligence Department were at this time a good deal studied, and in the afternoon it was a common thing to find them spread out and discussed. Our D.A.A.G. always thought our column would eventually have the biggest fight of the campaign, which idea, however, I must say I never agreed with.

Occasional fires were now to be seen on the Afridi hills in the evening, and these were perhaps signals to one another, or may have been merely the burning of wood or grass.

CHAPTER X

STILL AT BARA

I took the opportunity of still further reducing my kit, and sent back to Peshawar everything I could possibly do without. Only one shot was fired into camp on the night of 25th October, but the postmaster had a horse stolen, and a bullock-driver was rather badly wounded by a talwar (sword).

Towards the end of the month the men began to get a bit sickly, and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and 70th Field Battery suffered chiefly.

As a good many snipers were about, orders were issued that sentries were to fire without challenging, at night, if they saw any suspicious figures creeping about.

While at Bara rain threatened, and trenches were accordingly dug round the tents; nothing, to my mind, is more dismal, or more comfortless than wet weather under canvas. One's clothes, which are few and far between, are continually damp, and one's tent full of mud and slush.

A rumour went the rounds that fifteen elephants were to join our column to take the guns of our Field Battery. This rather suggested a move up the far-famed Khyber, a prospect which none of us objected to.

A good deal of correspondence, chiefly by telegrams, went on again with regard to the vexed question of lines of communication affecting the Peshawar Column, and it was a very difficult subject for me to grapple with, as everything concerning it was extremely vague, and I could obtain no information bearing upon it from the General.

The Commissariat Department worried one chiefly, and I was constantly asked what hospital equipment I would require

for the stages of these lines, which I may mention had not at the time been fixed by the General. All I could do under the circumstances was to give a probable estimate surmising how many stages there would be. My replies, however, were not considered definite enough, and I was then asked to give *timely* information regarding my requirements. This at any rate was a reasonable request, and as I was constantly in communication with the General on the subject, anything definite would be at once submitted by me.

The matter, however, did not rest here, for I was requested *once more* to refer the matter to the General (as if I had not done so often enough), which I am sure must have amused him. At any rate, my final reply was to the effect that by whichever route our advance would be made, there would probably be four stages, and that any further information was to be obtained at headquarters. A letter was at the

same time duly forwarded by me to the Commissary General, Punjab, enumerating the recommendations I had advocated, and which had received the approval of the General.

On the 29th October the advance party (9th Bengal Lancers) of the force that had proceeded to make the road was fired upon, but there were no casualties, and on the same day I transferred a good many sick to the Base, as unlikely to be fit to go on for some time. Fever was increasing among the men of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and they had forty-four cases, chiefly from this cause, in the field hospital. Bathing in the river was accordingly stopped, thereby avoiding chills, and I also advised the occasional repitching of tents.

Sniping was still going on, but on the night of the 30th we were treated to a special dose of it, the firing being so incessant that I scarcely slept at all. It seemed like a general attack on our camp. Some

of the Ghurkhas and Pioneers were out trying to stalk the enemy, but I do not think any were found. I certainly think the adjacent villages should have been held responsible, and either made to produce the marauders or pay a monetary fine. Two bullets fell in No. 5 British Field Hospital, one (a Snider) hitting the end of a dandy (kind of stretcher with canvas top) pole on which a patient was lying, and going very near his head, and the other going through an hospital tent. This was the night, too, that a couple of bullets fell in the Staff lines near my tent.

Experiments with star shells and a new kind of flare-light were now being carried out; but I should say that the latter would be a capital help to snipers, and show in detail the camp and its defenders. One night, at 9:30 o'clock, this flare-light was erected some hundred yards from the perimeter, and when in full play was surrounded by most of our staff and others, and

I thought what a splendid *bag* the Afridis would have made had there been any about.

I may as well mention that I had made up my mind to give up stimulants and smoking during the first part of the campaign, and this I continued to do until Christmas Day. I thought it wise to do this, knowing, or premising rather, the difficulties that might arise in obtaining these two luxuries. My idea with regard to the use of stimulants in general is given in the reply which I invariably make to those who may ask why I indulge in them—"Because I like it." There is no further explanation necessary. A whisky-and-soda at dinner gives one an appetite, a zest, and if by that means it should have the power of making one enjoy the meal, which otherwise perhaps could not be eaten, and further, if one can feel or trace no bad results therefrom, then I think there is not only no harm in it, but that it is a good thing. Again, in the very hot morn-

ings in Burma, when I have come home from work tired and without the slightest appetite, I have found that a little *peg* (whisky and soda) before breakfast has had the desired effect, and therefore had done one a good turn.

If one only drank stimulants at meal-times nothing very detrimental to health would ever happen, but it is the *nips*—the short drinks between meals—that do the harm, and my advice to young men about to come to the East is, drink only when you are thirsty, and not just for drinking's sake and when a friend asks you to; and take stimulants only at meal-times or after very hard exercise.

Towards the end of October our Political Officer, Captain Barton, had news that a certain Mullah was inciting some two thousand Afridis to attack our camp, and he expected it might come off on the last day of the month. Our earthworks were accordingly strengthened, and the troops

on the alert. The moon was going down then at about ten p.m., and we waited rather anxiously for that event every night, as I believe they do not care to attack till dark. I issued instructions to medical officers of field hospitals with regard to the formation of alarm posts for rallying around in case of attacks, and gave orders that all sergeants, havildars (native sergeants) and orderlies connected with the hospitals were to parade at their posts, under an officer, half an hour after sunset for instructions. I also advised the erecting of sangars, (walls or parapets) either of stones or boxes, etc., round the surgery tents, for the safer carrying out of operations while under fire. I slept in my clothes that night, but beyond a few desultory volleys no attack came.

By the way, we had a photographer named Rahn with the column, and he accompanied us until we arrived at Ali Masjid in December, when an accident necessitated his

returning to India. Rahn was a German who had come out to the East some twenty years before, and seemed to be ubiquitous, for wherever we were, there he was with his camera ready, and I must say he took some very excellent pictures.

A fearful dust storm took place on the evening of the 2nd November and continued all night, our tents creaking and straining so much that it was impossible to sleep, and on the following day a reconnaissance in force took place towards the hills on the west side of camp, but there were no casualties.

It was beginning now to get cold at night, and a couple of blankets was a luxury. The flies, too, which had been almost a plague, were now getting drowsy and less attentive. It was very amusing, on a day when some of our fellows were out with a portion of the force reconnoitring, to watch the enjoyment and stealth with which those remaining in camp would seize

a relish, such as a box of sardines, from the stores, and devour them with the utmost satisfaction. In fact, in many ways we seemed quite young again, and much more easily amused than in cantonment.

I noticed that the jackals occasionally ventured rather near camp at night, and their dismal howling was heard rather too distinctly in the still air.

On the 5th November the following force went out at 7.30 a.m. for the purpose of reconnoitring the entrance to the Gandao Pass which leads into the Bara Valley :—

1 squadron 9th Bengal Lancers.

2 guns No. 3 Mountain Battery, Royal
Artillery.

200 men Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

45th Sikhs.

No enemy was seen, and it was believed that a good many of the Afridis had taken their families and cattle into the valley, intending, I suppose, to return at some future

time. The force got back to camp in the evening all right.

It was rather quaint to hear the neighing and braying of the transport animals when the cavalry trumpets were sounding the feed. Of course, this call is well known to troop horses, and directly they commenced neighing the noise was taken up by almost every animal in camp, and the effect in the distance sounded exactly like the rumbling of thunder through the lines.

The remainder of our time at Bara was very uneventful, and only varied by the almost daily whipping of refractory Kahars, the arrival of Sir George Wolseley and some of his staff on a visit to our camp, the receipt of newspapers for the sick soldiers, the transfer to the Base of many sick men unfit to proceed, and the death of our Provost-Marshal's pony, which occurred (from an attack of pneumonia), as I was pathetically informed by the owner, just as the reveillé sounded on the morning of the 15th November.

CHAPTER XI

AT ILAM GUDR

FROM the news which we were now daily receiving, it would appear that the war was coming fast to an end, and terms had been already offered to the Orakzais, a very powerful and warlike tribe. These terms, however, seemed absurdly liberal and inadequate, but, of course, those who were exacting them knew best, and after all it would be a fatal mistake to make such hard terms that would bring on an everlasting blood feud between our Government and a tribe from which we obtain such fine soldiers; while as to thoroughly defeating or completely effacing them by waging war, one might as well say, as an Afridi remarked to me, that when you have shot a few birds you have killed all.

Indeed, I verily believe that, with so brave and independent a tribe as the Orakzais, you would have to kill them all before they would feel themselves conquered.

Before leaving Bara a few of our musical spirits arranged a little "sing-song," which took place in one of the field hospitals, when a clarionet, a banjo, and a few good voices were heard.

I forgot to mention that another mess existed among the officers of the Staff. It was composed of young and jovial spirits, who, on account of the airy and primitive appearance of their mess tents and their rollicking constitutions, were always called the Bedouins. Among them was our signalling officer, who hailed from York, a very cheery fellow with a fine, rolling, baritone-bass voice, and a first-rate ear for music, not common nowadays. He knew some choice ditties, by the way, one of which, a song without much meaning, always caused merriment. It told us of the adventures of

"Spondulicks and Pea-nuts," whatever they mean, and invited everyone to join in the chorus. The laughter of the Bedouins could generally be heard in their tent on the stormiest night, and sometimes long after everyone else had turned in.

Colonel Aslam Khan, who was at the time commanding the Khyber Rifles *vice* Captain Barton, who, as stated before, accompanied our column in the capacity of Political Officer, came in one day, and I was struck with his venerable and handsome face, as also by his soldier-like bearing and never-varying courtesy. He is a fine specimen of our Indian native officer, and, I feel sure, worthy of the confidence reposed in him by the British Government.

The Peshawar Column marched to Ilam Gudr, a place about three miles farther on towards the Afridi Hills, at 9.30 a.m. on the 19th November. Our new camp, as at Bara, was pitched on very stony ground, and from its general appearance—the presence of ravines, water-ways, and the round-

ness of the stones—it is probable that the greater portion of the valley about here was at one time covered with water. Some of the stones one came across were very large, and took three or four men to carry, and I noticed one larger than the rest, which was afterwards placed by the Inniskilling Fusiliers at the entrance of their lines, and marked "The Baby."

Our camp, too, faced practically in the same direction as at Bara, but was smaller, being about 560 by 290 yards, the reason for this being that a part of our force, viz., two squadrons 9th Bengal Lancers, two companies Native Infantry, one section of a Native Field Hospital, and a number of commissariat and transport followers had been left at Bara. Our height above sea level was here between 1320 and 1350 feet, which was about sixty feet higher than at Bara.

Now, before we moved to Ilam Gudr the question of polluting the river which, as before mentioned, supplies Peshawar with

drinking water arose, and was freely discussed, and as the Lieut.-General commanding the Punjab, backed up by the Surgeon-General, took up the matter seriously, and I believe protested against our camping there, a special officer of Royal Engineers was sent out from Peshawar to inspect the river with regard to our camp and try and settle the question of pollution.

What his verdict was, however, I am unable to say, as I did not hear, and at any rate we remained at Ilam Gudr. The chief reason for the objection to the site of our camp was, that it was pitched (I presume on military grounds) *above the intake* of the water from the Bara river (from which we were distant about 500 yards) into the channels for the supply of Peshawar. I was of opinion, as were other medical officers whom I consulted, that there would be no source of danger by pollution, and for the following reasons:—

(a) The camp was situated a long distance (two miles) above the *intake*.

(b) The river was fast-flowing—probably running at five miles an hour—was shallow, wide, well aerated, and at the time exposed to a strong sun, which is a powerful factor against pollution.

(c) The water being eventually passed through settling reservoirs at Bara, and again through filtering beds, before entering Peshawar, there should be little danger.

(d) There is so little rain in the district that the question of pollution from such a cause hardly comes into the argument, were rainfall suggested as a reason for condemning the site of our camp.

(e) The ground, moreover, sloped downwards considerably *from* the river towards our camp and onwards. Should military reasons for our occupation of the site, however, be overruled, I suggested to the General, as an alternative, that the water supply might be cut off from Peshawar during such hours as the column used it. The strictest precautions were, moreover, taken to prevent animal pollution, viz.:—

(a) All animals were to be watered under supervision down stream, and pakkals and massacks to be filled *up* stream.*

(b) No British or native soldier or follower allowed to bathe or wash *in* the river, but buckets or other vessels were to be taken to the river, and washing carried out sixty yards off, on an incline, from which surface water would flow into a canal that was separated from the river by cultivated fields.

(c) Washing of clothes to be done at Bara.

Many other sanitary measures were also recommended with regard to our camp, all of which were carefully attended to. Our time at Ilam Gudr was very monotonous, and not even varied by much sniping; but I must not forget to mention that the receipt of a white tablecloth for our rickety mess-table gave an air of comfort and a pleasantry to the food which I could not have imagined, and also that my faithful attendant occupied some of his time

* Pakkals and massacks are leather bags for carrying water.

in trying to wash my socks in a small basin of dirty cold water, and then mend them by tying white cotton round the holes.

One could sometimes see several of the Afridis on the low-lying hills near the Gandao Pass, and they appeared to be awaiting our coming.

On the evening of the 22nd I dined with the General, and was feasted upon marseer (a river fish) and trout, which had been caught by our Political Officer, I believe, sesee, a kind of partridge found not very far from camp, and most delicious eating, and to finish up with, prunes soaked in rum, which were not by any means to be despised. After dinner we all went down to the British Field Hospital, who were "At Home" in the form of a "Sing-song" and very desirable refreshments. My old Netley friend, Surgeon-Captain Healy, was duly installed as manager of the concert, and perched himself on a couple of boxes in a commanding position. The medicos did

the thing uncommonly well, were most hospitable, and had a large tent, or tents, nicely decorated with flags, every available table and chair being requisitioned. The songs were very varied, ranging from "Down the Swanee River," a pathetic air capable of nice harmonies, which were thoroughly enjoyed by some of the chorus, to the "Song of the Harem," given by Lukin of the 9th Bengal Lancers, and some good old Irish ditties well rendered by Healy. As the papers probably had it—at twelve o'clock the company dispersed, having enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

By being at Ilam Gudr, it would appear that we had actually crossed the frontier, which was a great thing for the medal-hunter, and a short distance from Bara the line of demarcation was faithfully pointed out to me by our Political Officer.

There exist two villages at Ilam Gudr, both situated on the left bank of the Bara river and distant some half a mile from each other. One is named after the place

itself, but the name of the other I never could remember. However, it seems that for years (perhaps generations) there has existed a blood feud between the inhabitants of these two villages, and in consequence they live in a constant state of watching an opportunity to kill one another. A nice comfortable state of affairs! As we wished to remain at Ilam Gudr in peace, I believe our General sent a warning to these villagers that they were not to fight—at anyrate while we were there.

On the 26th a part of the force went out at 7:30 a.m. to reconnoitre the Gandao Pass, and was fired upon, with the result that a mule-driver was wounded in the hand. The same evening I took a stroll round the transport lines, and what struck me most was the large number of donkeys, and how happy they all looked. As one approached the little creatures (they were very small) all set up braying, and then commenced playing with one another. I

suppose the fact of being in so much company—a thing a donkey is not used to—made them so jovial.

Our transport had been now carefully separated and arranged into varieties of beasts of burden (ponies, mules and donkeys), which gave more form to the lines. Most of the animals carry two maunds (160 lbs.), while the smaller ones only take 120 lbs. Road-making was still going on vigorously every day, and a great many sick were being transferred to the Base.

On the afternoon of the 29th, No. 45 Native Field Hospital was "At Home," and entertained us all at a Gymkhana. My friend Ahmed had managed to get from Peshawar the daintiest of luxuries in the shape of cakes, sweets, liqueurs and cigars, and the programme was well selected. The dhooly-bearers' races were very funny, and our General rather astonished everybody by the easy manner in which he won the 120 yards' handicap.

CHAPTER XII

IN THE GANDAO PASS, AND AN ATTACK ON OUR GRAZING GUARD

ON the following day a force left camp at seven a.m., the Staff following an hour later. We proceeded to the mouth of the Gandao Pass, which was about six miles off. The troops consisted of two British and two Native infantry regiments, with a company of Sappers and Miners, and I made ample medical arrangements, including half a Bearer Company from No. 5 British Field Hospital.

At the entrance to the pass a dressing station was formed in a suitable position, and a company of infantry told off to protect it. No collecting station appeared to be necessary for wounded; indeed, in

hill warfare I doubt whether the exact form of the Bearer Company, as laid down in text-books, could ever be carried out, and the whole system requires modifying to suit each particular case.

A working party was sent on ahead to make the road through the pass, our troops at the same time lining the hills on either side, covering parties being placed in suitable positions to protect the Pioneers and Sappers who were engaged in blasting rocks and making the road. The village (?) of Gandao appeared to consist solely of caves, which were unoccupied as we passed them.

Some three miles beyond the entrance of the Gandao Pass is a kotal, to which there is a gradual ascent, and which, if properly defended, would make an excellent point of vantage. When we reached the kotal the Pioneers were sent on ahead some 400 or 500 yards, and were fired upon by the enemy from a conical hill to their front.

As the Staff were sitting down on the kotal, most of them at the time being engaged with their sandwiches, which were very substantial, and imbibing cold tea from their water-bottles, Captain Brazier Creagh came galloping along from the direction of the firing to inform us of the fact that the enemy were firing from about 800 and 400 yards' distances. We had no casualties, and the fire was not returned. By the way, I lost my water-bottle that day, which was a rather serious thing, but I obtained an excellent bottle of soda from the 9th Ghurkha officers.

It was very cold on the kotal, and a strong wind blew through the gorge between the hills. We (the Staff) got safely back to camp by four p.m., and on the way I noticed the General stopping at a big hole which two natives were digging at the side of the path.

Inquiries were at once made of the Staff by whose orders this hole was being made

and what it was for. One ventured to suggest that he thought they were digging for skulls, which one of the medical officers had been heard to state he was trying to procure for a certain professor at Cambridge who was a collector of skulls, and, moreover, keenly desirous of obtaining Asiatic varieties! I was then called upon for my opinion upon this intricate and momentous question, and was asked if the skull story were true. I did not know, but by a sudden inspiration I turned to the already frightened and silent natives who were digging the hole, and who perhaps might know what they were doing, and asked them for information. The answer was, "digging holes for telegraph poles." Tableau! The General burst out laughing and walked on, but as he did so, said, Well, tell So-and-so," mentioning the would-be collector of skulls, "he is not to look for skulls."

This reminded me very much of a little

conversation I once had at Gibraltar with the late Sir W. Mackinnon. I was very bad at the time with an attack of asthma and happened to be talking to him about it, when he exclaimed, "I expect it is from taking too much champagne," and when I replied that I never touched it, he rejoined, "Well, then, it is from taking too little!"

Just as we were leaving the kotal I heard a man of the Oxfordshire Regiment remark to another, "Is this by land or sea?" and the answer was, "No, it's a railway accident." I never could quite make out what this meant, but it appeared to be a subtle joke of sorts.

One meets with many strange coincidences in a lifetime, but I thought the following might safely be put under the same category. One of my mess-mates at dinner one evening remarked that hydrophobia was very prevalent at a certain Indian station, and the following morning

an officer of the 9th Ghurkhas came up to me to say that a lady he knew had just been bitten by a mad dog there !

The health of our troops just now was very good, with the exception of the Field Battery, the men of which were still suffering a great deal from fever and debility, and on the 2nd December the percentage of sick to strength of the different corps was as follows :—

No. 57 Field Battery, R.A.	= 14·38
No. 3 Mountain Battery, R.A.	= 1·39
2nd Batt. Oxford L.I.	= 1·63
2nd Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers	= 4·11
No. 5 Coy. Bengal Sappers and Miners	= 1·07
9th Bengal Lancers	= 1·54
9th Ghurkhas	= ·77
45th Sikhs	= ·89
34th Pioneers	= ·27

The number of transport animals now with the column, including those left at Bara, was—

Mules = 2230

Ponies = 2154

Donkeys = 1656

6040

At 11.30 a.m. on the 3rd December a helio. message came into camp from the Gandao Pass, stating that the kotal was being held by the enemy, and that shots were being exchanged between them and the 9th Ghurkhas, who had gone out with the usual road-making party. The following troops, accompanied by the General, were despatched accordingly:— No. 3 Mountain Battery, two troops of 9th Bengal Lancers, the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and 45th Sikhs. One havildar (native sergeant) of the 9th Ghurkhas was dangerously wounded by a Martini-Henry bullet, and died the following day at 8.30 p.m.

At three p.m. on the 5th December there was great commotion in camp, news having been brought in by a sowar (native cavalry soldier) of the 9th Bengal Lancers that the

grazing guard was being fired upon by a large number of Afridis.

I may mention that all the transport animals were sent out daily, under a guard of the 9th Bengal Lancers, to graze and bring in grass. I do not know what rules prevailed as to the distance or direction they were supposed to go, but on this occasion they may have strayed too near the hills.

There was a picnic going on at the same time, and a large proportion of the Staff were absent from camp. However, a commanding officer was found, and a force despatched at once in the direction of the firing, and at the same time a regular stampede of the grazing animals (about 300) towards camp occurred, their drivers running in breathless after them. It was a strange sight.

At four p.m. a dead sowar was brought in, in a dandy, shot through the abdomen, and with his head (from subsequent mutilation) almost severed by a sabre cut from the body; and the enemy, who had managed to secure

his horse (on which they had placed one of their own wounded men), carbine and uniform, made off with the spoil, no doubt delighted.

At five p.m. another sowar was carried in frightfully wounded in the abdomen and right leg, the latter having been smashed by a compound fracture from gun-shot. His horse, etc., had also been captured. The man died at six p.m. the same day in the field hospital, and it was very pathetic to watch a couple of his comrades crying over him and holding his hands while his life ebbed out.

Our General was a good deal put out by this affair, and attributed it to the careless state into which troops get when they have been in camp for some time, the routine of which causes them to forget or neglect the simplest necessary precautions. The Bengal Lancers may have been taken unawares while strolling about, and with hardly time to ward off the sudden attack which these tribesmen are so good at delivering.

I heard afterwards that the enemy con-

sisted of about fifty of the Zakka Khels, under a determined leader, who had threatened that he would some day attack our grazing guard. It seemed strange, however, that the premeditation of such an attack had not come to the ears of our Politicals.

On the following day the General informed me that the column would march through the Gandao Pass to Barkai in the Bara Valley the next morning, and the question, therefore, of a rapid removal to the Base of the sick was very important to me, and also somewhat difficult with so little time at my disposal. However, I managed to transfer four officers and a large number of men, and arranged that one section of a British, and one of a Native Field Hospital, which were extra to my establishment and supplied from Peshawar, should be placed at Fort Bara as the first post on our lines of communication; and with them were to be kept six tongas (ambulance carts), twenty-five dandies, and twenty-five riding animals.

CHAPTER XIII

WE MARCH TO THE BARA VALLEY

MY medical arrangements with regard to the advance of the column through the Gandao Pass included, in addition to regimental resources and the disposition of field hospitals (to follow the reserve ammunition on the march), an ample supply of ambulance transport, viz., fifty riding ponies and twenty dandies, with the rear guard, under a medical officer detailed for the purpose, and I am of opinion that this procedure in hill warfare, when columns are advancing through defiles and difficult country, should invariably be adopted, and that the officer in charge should report himself and give all information regarding his equipment to the officer commanding the rear guard.

By this means casualties occurring or sick men falling out can always be picked up, if necessary, by waiting at the side of the pathway (after having been attended to by the regimental medical officer), by the ambulance transport of the rear guard.

In this instance I also detailed half a Bearer Company from No. 5 British Field Hospital to accompany the force as required, and medical officers of regiments were further directed to obtain any extra regimental transport they considered necessary from the field hospitals.

On 7th December the rouse went at 3.30 a.m. It was then quite dark and very cold, and we marched at 5.30, the head of the column reaching the entrance to the Gandao Pass at seven a.m.; and as we advanced in the darkness, the quietude and weird aspect of the surroundings striking one very forcibly, the fires of the camp just vacated threw an enormous glare of red light into the sky.

Up to seven a.m. I rode, but as I had not sufficiently clothed myself for the chilly morning air, I was obliged then to dismount, as I could hardly feel the reins, and many others did the same. I walked on until we finally got out of the pass at eleven a.m.

The men of the two British regiments appeared to be in very good humour, while the stalwart, smart Sikhs looked, to my mind, as martial and sad as they always do. When we arrived at the pass, it was just getting light, and the force was halted. The order to the Oxfordshire Regiment to "charge magazines" sounded ominous, and after a short interval of time our advance was continued.

Up to this there had been little or no falling out by the men. We soon passed the so-called village of Gandao, which, as before mentioned, consisted of a few caves, or rather holes, in the hillside, and reached the kotal at 9.30 a.m., where we found a sangar had been re-built since our last visit. This

was quickly removed, causing great amusement to a prisoner, a man of Barkai, who accompanied us, and who had previously been found somewhere about our camp at Ilam Gudr. The pass was left at eleven a.m., up to which time not a shot had been fired.

The General most carefully made his plans for the advance of the column through the defile, and all commanding officers had previously been made aware of them. The general idea of an advance in this kind of country appears to be the lining of the hills on either side by men in extended order, who always keep in front of the main body who are proceeding along the path below, and finally the dropping back of these hill parties towards the rear guard, which they join. The utmost caution is of course required in carrying out this system, signalling is continually going on, and there must be no hurry or noise. I heard the General tell an officer who was standing on a hill by himself signalling, not to do so again

without an escort. This was quite right, but it often struck me how recklessly the General himself would expose himself on some occasions.

I kept with the General, just behind the advance guard, nearly the whole way, and he remarked to me once that it was a good thing we had not been obliged to fight our way through this difficult pass, commanded for some four miles by high adjacent and rocky hills, the road at the same time being narrow and continually turning.

On leaving the Gandao Pass we obtained an extensive view of mountainous country, with the Bara valley and river, the latter flowing, as we came in sight of it, to our left and front, and having two villages on its right bank.

Our first question was, "Where is Barkai?" for no white man, I believe, had ever been here before, and as far as scenery, absolute quietude and peace went, we might as well

have been out for a picnic, only it was not so.

During our advance we had to cross the river twice, which was shallow, sparkling, and flowing pretty fast, and our horses went over the large boulders well. At 11:45 a.m. we halted on a fairly good site (commanded, however, on every side by hills), having marched some ten or eleven miles, and camped two miles short of Barkai (and not more than a mile from one of the villages before mentioned), at a place called Swaikote. The Staff baggage came along well, and my tent was pitched by 2:30 p.m., and from it I could hear the stream of the Bara river below.

I had a very bad neuralgic attack during the afternoon, which I attributed to the intense cold of the early morning, and was obliged to lie down in blankets after a grateful cup of tea, which Dease, the superintendent of post-offices, kindly gave me.

At dusk shots were heard not far from

our camp, and in the direction of the exit from the pass, and I think a picket of the Oxfords on a hill near camp returned the fire.

"There they are!" Gwatkin said to me as he passed by, and we knew that our baggage guard was being attacked as it was straggling along. It appears that coming along the bed of the river, just before the rise towards our camp, and not two miles from it, a sudden onslaught was made on the baggage guard by the enemy, who were, no doubt, lying in wait to catch some mule-driver in difficulty with his load, which perhaps had just been thrown off, and probably at a time when the British soldier was sauntering along thinking of something else, and with perhaps a pipe in his mouth, his rifle unloaded and slung over his shoulder, and his bayonet reposing easily by his side, utterly despising any enemy, and probably chaffing his comrade as if he were in Piccadilly.

These were matters well understood by the Pathan, who is ever watchful and ready to pounce like a tiger upon his prey, and I believe this actually occurred, and two men of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, when in the act of assisting a driver to adjust the load which a pony had thrown in the difficulty of crossing the river in the dark, were suddenly surrounded by a few of the enemy, well armed as usual. One private was shot dead by a Martini-Henry bullet through the brain, and also a mule-driver, while a corporal of the same regiment was dangerously wounded by sword cuts about the face, and another driver slightly so. Both rifles (Lee-Metfords) were taken from our men.

I wondered at the time whether a German soldier would be caught napping under such circumstances, and whether due warning had been given to our men cautioning them against such surprises. It struck one that at any rate bayonets should have been fixed during the whole of that day's march, and

rifles carried against the shoulder, and I could but notice that even our advance guard and flanking parties were sometimes smoking their pipes.

There was no sign of the rear guard that night, although a good deal of the baggage reached camp, and information was brought in that they had been obliged to bivouac in the pass, and terribly cold it must have been, but it was of course impossible for them to proceed in the dark in such a country, and swarming with cat-like foes. The telegraph wire was most successfully erected during our march, for which much credit was due to the smart officer (Mr Pike) who superintended its construction, and at nine p.m. I received a message from India.

The rear guard did not get in until one p.m. on the following day, 18th December, and the same night I was glad to take off my clothes, which I had not done since leaving Ilam Gudr, noticing at the same time a

strange, slimy, snaky-looking lizard crawl from under my camp bed.

Fortunately no sniping occurred during our first night at Swaikote. Our camp did not appear to be laid out very well; the field hospitals were terribly crowded for want of space, which, I suppose, under the circumstances, could not be helped, and the Staff lines placed on bad, uneven ground. Rain now began to fall, and everyone was busy putting tents to rights, and digging trenches round them to carry off the water.

Soon after our arrival the Malik (Headman) of Barkai, with a retinue of followers, came into camp to announce his friendliness, and I noticed that they were all armed. Indeed, I personally felt I should have been sorry to trust them, especially as it was well known that some of the worst marauders in the district occupied the village which was nearest us.

The question might also be asked, "Who attacked Brazier Creagh and his sowars (before mentioned) when reconnoitring the

Gandao Pass and Bara Valley? who attacked the grazing guard at Ilam Gudr? and who attacked our baggage guard on the evening of the 7th December?" At the same time I thought that the adjacent villagers would be far too knowing to give us any trouble in the way of sniping, thereby laying themselves open to having their villages destroyed, but would probably devote their attention to occasional attacks on our baggage guards and convoys, for which they would claim total ignorance, and lay the responsibility upon the shoulders of any passers-by or strangers belonging to other tribes.

I forgot to mention that after we had entered the Gandao Pass, and the heights had been crowned, our field battery was sent back to Bara, doubtless very much to their disgust; but I think at the same time it would have been extremely difficult for them to have reached Swaikote owing to the condition of the road, although it was quite practicable to infantry and baggage animals.

On the 9th, in the very early morning, sharp firing was heard, which turned out to be some of the Oxfordshire, who, in the dim light, saw some men on the hills opposite them wandering about, and accordingly fired at them. The enemy on this occasion was afterwards found to be a few unoffending Sikhs belonging to one of our pickets, and luckily none of them were hit.

During the day another newspaper correspondent joined us, an American named Dr Donaldson Smith, whom I have since heard had been a great African traveller. I suppose he was writing for a New York paper. Besides him we had an Irishman, a Trinity College man, who was corresponding for a great many papers, seemingly all over the world.

The next day a party of armed Orakzais also came in as a jirgah from Barkai to consult our Political Officer, and I noticed that Mr Rahn, our sporting photographer, promptly turned his camera upon them. He had excellent opportunities at Swaikote of

obtaining good views, for the scenery is wild as well as pretty, and with the river, etc., lent itself to rather a good picture.

There was a rumour during the day that we might move on the following morning, but I sincerely hoped not, as I was suffering from a very bad feverish cold and neuralgia, and I was glad to learn by evening that we were to remain where we were for the present.

The 9th Bengal Lancers, with the exception of a field troop of one officer and thirty-two men, returned to Fort Bara the same day, and a wing of the Inniskillings, with the 9th Ghurkhas, proceeded to camp at Barkai, some two miles off, the Head Quarters and a wing of the 45th Sikhs at the same time forming a post at Mamanai, three-quarters of a mile off, and near the mouth of the Gandao Pass on this side, the remainder of the regiment going to the kotal in the pass to camp there. By these measures the Gandao Pass was fairly well held.

At 5:30 p.m. the same day (I had high fever at the time) some heavy firing was going on at our rear guard, which was protecting a convoy of stores through the pass, and the attack occurred not very far from our camp, the fire being returned by one of our pickets, which was holding a sangar thrown up on an adjacent hill.

It was somewhat strange that this attack occurred about twenty minutes after the armed jirgah from Barkai had left our camp, which jirgah was afterwards actually met in the direction of, and not far from, the place of attack.

It rained heavily all night, and the force which had moved to Barkai in the morning were freely sniped at in the darkness. After the rain had ceased, the weather became bitterly cold, and snow lay rather thick upon the surrounding hills. My fever, however, left me by degrees, and a dash of sunshine put some brightness into our hearts and

helped us to dry our clothes, which was a great consideration.

General Gazelee's servant turned up on the 12th, which looked as if the other divisions were coming our way from Tirah.

I paid another visit to the donkey lines, and found there were 688 of these animals, and they all looked very comfortable in their warm clothing. What eternal friendships our much-abused little friends seemed to establish among themselves, as they stood together closely in rows, which was fully exemplified by their constant playfulness and friendly bitings.

I managed to make my dwelling (tent) somewhat more comfortable, and less damp, by being able to procure some long grass, which was put down inside.

CHAPTER XIV

WE MEET THE 1ST AND 2ND DIVISIONS AT
SWAIKOTE, AND PROCEED TO JAMRUD

Now when General Lockhart evacuated the Tirah country in December, he moved his main column back to Peshawar, on changing his base there, with all his heavy baggage. The two divisions which had been so actively employed during the campaign had also received orders to return and join hands at Barkai, the 1st Division to march *via* Waran and the Mastura Valley, and the 2nd through the Bara Valley *via* Dwatoi.

The advance of the Peshawar Column therefore to Swaikote and Barkai was, I believe, carried out, not only with the object of improving the roads and opening up the

Gandao route, but also to select camping grounds for the two divisions on their arrival, and store supplies for them from the main column, who were at Peshawar.

On the afternoon of the 13th December the 1st Division arrived, looking very fit, nothing having occurred to molest them seriously during their march through the Mastura Valley, and their only casualties had been four British and four native soldiers wounded. On the same evening Colonel Sawyer, commanding the 45th Sikhs at Mamanai, galloped up to say he was sending out a small party of his men in the direction of some firing which was evidently going on.

The 2nd Division had marched from Bagh, in the Tirah, for Dwatoi on the 7th and 8th December, one brigade starting on each day, and on the 13th we could hear all day and till sunset their mountain guns, and knew thereby that, although so near us, they were still fighting their way down the Bara Valley.

Word to this effect had moreover come to camp, and General Hammond was ordered to reconnoitre from Swaikote towards Shinkamar, taking with him three hundred coolies and some dandies to assist in carrying in their sick and wounded.

The advance guard of the 3rd Brigade 2nd Division was met by General Hammond, who then returned to camp, as General Lockhart's force was not coming any further till the next day, and some of their picket fires could be seen at night from our camp.

At noon on the 14th December the 2nd Division, with General Lockhart, began to arrive, General Hammond having again gone out to meet them, and it would be very difficult for a much more experienced and graphic writer than I to faithfully describe its appearance as it straggled in.

From the time of leaving Dwatoi, until Barkai was reached, the 2nd Division had been cruelly harassed by the enemy (probably Zakka Khels), who disputed every step of

their advance, and followed them up, attacking their rear guard the whole time.

Now, when one considers what magnificent marksmen the hillmen are, and that, with the arms of precision which they possessed, their aim is almost deadly at eight hundred yards, my readers can imagine the suffering our men underwent at their hands during a whole week, and how terrible not only their losses were, but still more terrible the bringing along, under constant and heavy fire, of the sick and wounded.

As before alluded to, the sight of Lockhart's Division coming into Barkai almost beggared description. I stood by the roadside as they passed, the American correspondent by my side, and for some hours watched the invaders and conquerors of Tirah. I noticed, by-the-bye, that almost all the officers carried alpenstocks. Highlanders, with their bare legs red from exposure, and some bleeding, and in many cases with no stockings on, their feet being thrust into broken boots,

passed by. They looked gaunt and rugged, with their faces and hands almost black, and many of them were devouring hunches of bread which had just been handed to them as they entered our camp. They had withal a fine swing, these brave Scotsmen, and perhaps were quite ready to continue facing round and replying to the deadly shots of their worthy foemen. Putties were conspicuous by their absence, and the men's clothes hung in veritable tatters.

The thought came to one instantly—"Is this division capable of doing any more?" for they all looked as if they had had enough of it, and assuredly would require not only rest but fresh equipment and clothing. There seemed to be, moreover, little or no organisation about the troops, and no formation; it looked like a huge baggage guard, and took about six hours to pass. The sick and wounded were mixed up with the fighting men, and I saw several wan and death-like looking men carried on blanket stretchers

high up on the shoulders of their comrades, and jostled about in a terrible manner.

The enormous amount of transport animals and baggage also struck one forcibly, and assuredly this hampering of our frontier armies with so much impedimenta must be one of the causes of disaster and the frequent rear guard attacks.

I had never before seen anything quite like the appearance of the troops since the return of the wounded from Tel-el-Kebir to the Base Hospital at Ismailia in 1882, and I heard many remark that it looked like one's idea of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

It is strange how sadness and happiness sometimes go hand in hand, and how, in the midst of grief, merriment will come. Lionel James, the War Correspondent, came up to me as the troops were marching along, and holding up a letter, exclaimed, "West of the Ghurkhas gave me this yesterday to take to his wife, telling her how soon we should all be home again, and he was shot dead soon after!"

This was the sad side of the picture, and the next moment my hand was grasped by my old friend Massy, looking beaming, as usual, provokingly clean under the circumstances, and laughing gaily. It appears that General Westmacott's Brigade had had the roughest time of all, and I thought he looked a bit worn as he rode past. On its march down the Bara Valley, the 2nd Division had the following casualties :—

KILLED.		WOUNDED.	
British officer,	1	British officers,	5
British soldiers,	15	British soldiers,	46
Native soldiers,	17	Native soldiers,	81
<hr/>		<hr/>	
33		132	

or a total of 165 from the 7th to the 14th December.

I may mention that they marched straight past our camp and on to Mamanai, where one brigade remained with the divisional troops, the other proceeding to Bara on the 17th, where the 1st Division (already at Mamanai) also concentrated on the same date.

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The Peshawar Column was now ordered back to Ilam Gudr, and at six a.m. on the 15th a part of the force left Swaikote, viz., No 3 Mountain Battery, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, the Sappers and Miners, 9th Ghurkhas, and a portion of the Field Hospitals.

I accompanied this force, bringing with me all the sick, having previously wired to Bara and arranged that seventeen tongas were to be in waiting at Ilam Gudr to convey them at once to Bara.

I noticed the General standing just outside our camp as we passed by in the early morning, and he doubtless was making mental notes of our progression.

The Gandao Pass was now held by the 45th Sikhs, whose pickets lined the whole way, so that we got through quickly and safely. On arrival at Ilam Gudr, I, with my personal assistant, rode on to Fort Bara, as I was anxious to meet the principal medical officer of the Army Staff, who was there at the time. The whole distance was seventeen miles, and

beyond being rather hungry and tired, we were none the worse for our ride, and a much-appreciated welcome and breakfast from Surgeon-Major Morris, who was Secretary to the P.M.O., and a feed for the horses, set everything right.

I met the P.M.O. on the road between Ilam Gudr and Bara as he was walking along accompanied by a French medical officer, who was his guest. I was told that the future destination of the Peshawar Column was Jamrud, and then probably up the Khyber Pass, which I was glad to hear, as I had always longed to see the far-famed pass and Ali Masjid.

I was somewhat amused, when coming through the Gandao Pass, at a conversation between two Irishmen of the Inniskillings. One remarked, "All my relatives and friends are at Melbourne." The other replied, with a very comical look in his face, "In prison?" This occurred during a short halt, and the comical Irishman was evidently one

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of the regimental wits, for the whole time he kept his comrades in roars of laughter with his funny remarks and quaint repartee. He was a typical son of the soil, and had one of those good-natured, jolly faces which one so often sees among the Irish peasantry.

Having refreshed the inner man, I returned to Ilam Gudr from Bara in the afternoon, and found that the troops had already arrived, and were camping on our old ground.

One could but notice what an air of civilisation and quietude now obtained in these parts, even in the short time since we had left for Swaikote, and the villagers were sitting about the road, and seemed well acquainted with our ways, a thing which certainly did not exist when we first came to Bara and Ilam Gudr.

Nothing, moreover, was now said about the water supply question and the supposed contamination of the Peshawar supply. Perhaps the subject had died a natural death.

The remainder of the column, with the

General, came into Ilam Gudr the following day, and orders were promptly issued for a move to Jamrud the next morning. I therefore ordered in the section of the Native Field Hospital which had been left at Bara, as my base would now be changed to Peshawar. The Head Quarters and a wing of the Royal Scots Fusiliers were attached to our column the same day, and were ordered to proceed with us to Jamrud, and some Ghurkha scouts also made their appearance, who, from all accounts, had done splendid service in Tirah, and had made a fine "game bag."

At seven a.m. on the 17th December the column left for Jamrud, and the morning was very cold. We went through the Sangakki Pass, a very small one about 400 yards long, and passed the spot where Jones of the 4th Dragoon Guards was killed.

During a halt, and just as we had left the pass, I was standing by the General, who was watching the progression of some Staff

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and regimental baggage, when he exclaimed, "Hallo! what's that pail with the holes in the bottom?" He was alluding to a zinc article which was swinging gaily along on one side of a mule. "Oh," said our Political Officer, who was present, "that's the fire-place of the 4th Staff mess!"

I may mention that General Hammond was always most particular as to details, and especially the condition of baggage animals, the weights they carried, and their proper loading.

At some distance from Jamrud we were met by Colonel Aslam Khan, who was mounted on a very smart little horse, and looking every inch a soldier. We camped not far from the fort, which, in the distance, looked to me very like a huge ironclad. The site of our camping ground was perhaps the most desirable that could have been selected in a place which, from a sanitary point of view, I have no hesitation in saying was abominable, and had doubtless been the site of many former camps.

The water supply appeared good, as far as our column was concerned, although it had been brought to my notice shortly after arrival that some dead animals and other obnoxious filth had been found in the channel (beneath the boarding covering it, which had in a certain part been removed) which carried drinking water to the fort.

On the 18th the 1st Division came in from Bara, and camped some distance from us, but nearer the hills, and on the same day the Royal Scots Fusiliers and Ghurka scouts left us. The weather was much warmer by comparison with what I had before experienced, which was a change for the better.

In the evening I took a stroll round the fort, and saw the Khyber Rifles Hospital, a well-built brick building, rather like a small railway station in appearance.

At sunset a crowd was collected round the band of the Khyber Rifles, the men of which were marching up and down vigorously blowing some extraordinary instruments (called, I

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believe, surnas), rather like clarionets in appearance, and something between them and bagpipes in sound. They were accompanied by side-drums, and the Pathans who constituted the band meant business. Their own music, including Zakhmi dil (the wounded heart), was very weird and wild, but they sometimes varied it with Scotch and Irish airs, and always ended up with "God save the Queen." They gave us another selection at night, generally after one had turned in, when the music sounded more weird than ever.

In the event of an advance to retake the Khyber by the Peshawar Column, we ought to have the Afridis fairly well hemmed in with our brigades still at Mamanai, Bara and Jamrud. Indeed, one heard that they would have given in long before only that they considered they had not been dealt with in a proper spirit by our Chief Political Officer.

In our negotiations with these tribes we are very apt to hurry them too much, and

expect utter impossibilities in the compliance of our terms. They require time to consider and talk matters over among themselves, time to collect the rifles asked for—a most difficult and vital proceeding to them—and time to furnish the required sums of money. And when a tribe has given up its rifles and money, they will probably have a very poor time with their neighbours, who perhaps remain armed, and it must always be remembered that their very existence in their own wild countries depends upon their fighting power. I have been told that they would rather give up their wives than their rifles, but I cannot say if it is true.

There was a report in camp on the 19th that there were 500 Afridis collected in the Khyber, but nothing was yet known about our movements.

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CHAPTER XV

THE PESHAWAR COLUMN ADVANCES UP THE KHYBER PASS

ON the 20th December I heard that our force was to re-open the Khyber, which, it may be remembered, had been closed since the end of August, and which was practically in the hands of the Afridis. I therefore transferred all the British sick I could (69) to the Base, and the remainder (2 officers, 29 British, and 36 native soldiers and 58 followers) to the Field Hospital which had been sent to Jamrud. I also had a number of men belonging to the Oxfordshire Light Infantry and Inniskilling Fusiliers, viz., 40 and 45 respectively, struck off the strength of the column as unfit to proceed.

The next day orders for our advance on the

23rd were promulgated, and as the General had informed me that he proposed leaving the 45th Sikhs and two mountain guns at Ali Masjid to garrison it, I arranged that one section of a Native Field Hospital should also remain there.

While sitting in my tent on the 22nd, I met Van Someren, chief of the postal arrangements, who was with me in the Kuram Field Force in the last Afghan war. It was a good many years since we had met, and we recalled many of the old days spent at Thall, Hazir Pir and Kuram, and reminiscences of the curries and "all blaze" stew concocted out of our rations by his Madrassee boy.

Surgeon-Colonel Townsend, P.M.O., 1st Division, also turned up on his Yarkandi pony, which had carried him so safely through the Tirah, and when I looked at his rows of medal ribbons, and learned that this was his *seventh campaign*, I could not help thinking how few men there existed in the army who, with his

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war experience, had only received for their services the ordinary decorations bestowed upon the British private (not even a Medjidie!); but such is life and the Army Medical Department *at present!*

My readers will, I feel sure, congratulate the young officer who went into Peshawar from Jamrud on the 21st December to get married, he being on active service at the time, and I presume having to return the following day. He truly deserved the V.C., and, what is more, there is some talk of his getting one!

On the same night I fancied I heard some sniping into our camp, and was not surprised to hear the next morning that three pairs of bullocks had been stolen from one of the field hospitals.

At seven a.m. on the 23rd the Peshawar Column left for Ali Masjid, the distance being about ten miles. No casualties occurred, neither was an Afridi seen, nor a shot fired, and the rear guard got in at 5.30 p.m.

It was not at all cold at starting, and the

air was nice and balmy. The ground is very level up to the mouth of the pass, and as you enter you can but be struck with the boldness of the rocky scenery, more especially just before Fort Maude comes into sight, which is about three miles from Jamrud, and which we reached at nine a.m.

After passing Fort Maude a strong cold wind came whistling down the gorge. Up to this time the Khyber Rifles, of whom sixty-five men had been attached to our force, had lined the hills, and the 9th Ghurkhas formed an advance guard; but now the former were relieved by some of our own force, most of them returning to Jamrud. Lord Methuen, who wore more medal ribbons than I had ever seen before, Colonel Aslam Khan and one of his sons accompanied us.

The road was extremely good, and there was no difficulty in the passage of artillery. My horse was rather badly kicked by another during the march, but not lamed, luckily, and as I was looking at his blanket, which I

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always had placed under the saddle, the thought (a selfish one) struck me whether, in the event of our having to bivouac out all night, I should use this blanket for myself.

About two miles this side of Ali Masjid, and on the left, is the village of Lala Cheena. Ali Masjid was reached at 10:45 a.m., and what magnificently bold and rocky hills came into view. What a treat for the painters! One's first sight of this stronghold is rather sudden, and on turning a bend in the road you can see just the top of the old Sikh fort on the rocky mountain, and the towers on the left. Ali Masjid appeared to be about two miles from the spot from whence it is first seen, and it was from this point of vantage that I believe our heavy guns were placed in the Afghan war before the attack commenced.

There are some very pretty and well-kept villages just before Ali Masjid is reached, but they were deserted. One of these I

especially noticed as having well laid out crops in front of it, and near by a small waterfall and clear running stream. We camped on the left bank of the Khyber river, partly on wheat fields and lower spurs of hills, while the 45th Sikhs and two mountain guns, as previously arranged, marched straight up to the top of Fort Ali Masjid itself, and camped there, their baggage, animals, etc., forming a black line in the distance, which, going up the zig-zag road, gave them the appearance of a string of ants. I may mention that as the 45th Sikhs formed the rear guard that day, one company of the 9th Ghurkhas occupied the fort until their arrival. While sitting down enjoying my sandwiches and cold tea soon after arrival, I noticed the wild thyme growing plentifully, and also that small crabs found their way up from the Khyber stream on to the grass where I was sitting. The water from this stream was beautifully clear and sparkling, and had a wholesome taste,

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although it has the reputation of containing antimony. I also noticed that Ghurkhas, who in camp appeared to me to be always eating, did not mind drinking out of ordinary mugs (which is not a common sight among the Hindoos), and also that they seemed to enjoy very much "Pin-head" cigarettes, which are patronised nowadays by Tommy. They did not, however, smoke them in quite a European fashion, but more *à la* hookah, allowing the smoke to pass through their partly-closed hands, and after a short time sending the cigarette to their friends who were sitting around. Soon after our arrival all the Kahars and private servants who got the chance were scrambling about near the hills to procure firewood, and this, by-the-bye, appears to be the first thing they think of, and on these expeditions they will steal it whenever they can, and moreover go to a great amount of trouble in doing so, as they have to be constantly watched for fear they should stray too far away. The baggage and

field hospitals came up very well, and my tent was pitched by two p.m. The Staff camping ground was very nice and even, about 2600 feet above sea level, and we were almost completely surrounded by hills, so that there was a great echo. Fort Ali Masjid is some 3000 feet high, while the hills around were higher still. There is still a large breach in the old fort wall, which was probably made by our guns in 1878 during the last Afghan war, and three circular blockhouses occupy sites on commanding points. These are loop-holed and entered by ladders, but had been dismantled in the late raid on the Khyber, and the doors and woodwork burnt, so that they were practically useless for our pickets, who were therefore obliged to bivouac near them. Towards night it got very chilly, and a good deal of tom-toming went on, which, accompanied by the music of the surnas, proclaimed the presence in our camp of some of the Khyber Rifles. The strength of our force at Ali Masjid was—

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EFFECTIVE.		SICK.	
British officers,	91	European ranks,	6
European ranks,	1318	Native ranks,	39
Native ranks,	2402		
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	3811		45
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I was now ordered to furnish my reports on the medical history of the war, so far as it concerned the Peshawar Column, closing the same on the 23rd December, but I never could quite understand the reason for this, as the campaign was still going on, unless it implied that the Tirah Expedition proper was considered at an end, and a new phase was now being entered upon. There was no sniping into camp on our first night at Ali Masjid, and on the following morning some of our troops went out to blow up a village tower and bring in timber, etc., and I was presented with a small article of loot in the shape of a book written in Pushtu, and probably used for school purposes. I also saw a book in Persian, with an advertise-

ment proclaiming the merits of Mother Siegel's soothing syrup. The villagers appeared to have all fled. The 1st Division came in the same day, preparatory to going into the Bazaar Valley, and some of our troops crowned the heights, reconnoitring also the road to the right of the Alachi Pass, while others were engaged in road-making and blowing up the Lala Cheena village towers, a good deal of wood and forage being brought in. On Christmas Day the 1st Division of the Tirah Expeditionary Force left Ali Masjid for the Bazaar Valley, one brigade marching by the Alachi Pass route, and the other, accompanied by Sir W. Lockhart, by the Chura Kandoo Pass, a portion of our force, viz., a wing of the Oxforas, 45th Sikhs, four companies 9th Ghurkhas, one company of Sappers and four mountain guns, holding the Aspogarah Hill on their right as they advanced. It had been previously noted in our column orders that the road up the Aspogarah Hill would not allow of riding animals or dandies, so I had

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to make special arrangements for the removal of any wounded. During these operations one man of the 45th Sikhs was killed and two dangerously wounded. The Sikhs must have returned to camp very late, as they were also assisting in the protection of the rear guard of the 1st Division, which was travelling very slowly. In fact, it appeared to me that at dusk some of their baggage had not got more than a mile or so beyond our camp. I believe some of the Khyber Rifles were also employed, and it was reported that they did very well—wily fellows! We blew up a few more towers of the Alachi villages the same day, and a certain amount of what appeared to be worthless loot was brought in. I dined with my friend Ahmed on Christmas night, and Heaven knows from whence or how he obtained such a sumptuous repast. It simply took one's breath away, and his means of procuring delicacies and having them properly cooked were a marvel to all. Here is the Bill of Fare, but my readers must

not thereby condemn the hardships of soldiering as a farce, for really the following menu was most unusual:—

Soup—rather clear; Fish—small and undefined, from river hard by; Entrée—somewhat doubtful; Roast Goose—Afridi! Teal—from Heaven knows where! Egg—farcies; Mince Pies; Plum Pudding; Chocolates; Vermouth Port; Whisky; Cigars!

This was not much like war! After dinner we lit a huge log fire, sat round it and sang a few old songs. Other messes were doing the same, and at eleven p.m. we were all quiet. In the stilly night some of our Christian soldiers could be heard singing hymns, which, as they echoed up and down the great rocks, gave a sadness to the air and surroundings.

It was not much like Christmas night, and no doubt many amongst us carried their thoughts across the seas, where they found shelter and warmth in the bright English homes!

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The barracks at Ali Masjid, which had been built by our Government after the last Afghan war, and were situated within the walls of the old fort, were now completely gutted and destroyed, the result of the raid as before mentioned, which took place in August 1897.

CHAPTER XVI

WE REACH LANDI KOTAL

ON the 26th December, at eight a.m., we left Ali Masjid for Landi Kotal. In addition to the troops previously told off to remain at Ali Masjid, it had since been arranged that a wing of the Oxfordshire Regiment should also form part of the garrison. I therefore detailed a section of the British Field Hospital to remain behind to supplement the medical arrangements already made.

The distance to Landi Kotal is about eleven miles, and I walked about half the way, keeping up most of the time with the Oxfords, and I noticed what a smart, well-set-up man their sergeant-major was. He was afterwards dangerously wounded, and I hear has since died.

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The roads being good, the troops marched very well, and the field hospitals and baggage were well up with the column. The true gorge of the Khyber may be said to begin after passing Ali Masjid, and for some distance the road is very narrow and towered over by high rocky hills. We crossed three or four small streams on the way, and at 9.30 halted not far from some small villages, which appeared to be deserted.

Up to this time it was not considered necessary to throw out any flanking parties, I suppose because the hills on either side were so precipitous, but this was now carried out. I noticed a son (about sixteen years of age) of Aslam Khan accompanying us, mounted on a very fiery little steed, which, as is the common practice in India, he reined up so tightly that the animal's head and neck were beautifully arched like a circus horse's, while he champed his bit the whole time.

At ten a.m. the pass began to widen con-

siderably, and a great number of deserted but well built and newly done up villages came in sight. There was plenty of boosa (chopped straw) lying about, and good-sized stacks of it appeared to be in almost all the villages. Charpoys (bedsteads) could also be seen lying about, and the ashes of late fires, which gave the appearance of occupation not long since.

A curious old circular building, like a mosque, was observed on a hill to our right, which no doubt was the remains of a Buddhist temple of great age. The land about the villages had been carefully cultivated, and several large pools of water lying about testified to late rain.

During our advance no casualties occurred, and there was not a sign of the enemy, so that the peaceful Peshawar Column was allowed to wend its way in safety. The head of the column reached Landi Kotal, which may be considered the end of the Khyber Pass, at 11:30 a.m., and marched towards

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the fortified serai, which is situated in the centre of a large open and partly-cultivated plain, surrounded by hills of varying distances. The site is a very fine one, and well-built villages occupied by Shinwaris abound, out of which numbers of people could be seen streaming away as we arrived, and from which we were informed abundance of fodder and wood was procurable, but no fruit or vegetables. The height of Landi Kotal is 3600 feet; it was very cold, rain and snow looked threatening, and snow lay on the surrounding hills.

The Staff, with a wing of the Oxfordshire and the field hospitals, were ordered to camp inside the fortified serai, while the remainder of the force was placed outside to the north, and at a convenient distance, the whole position being well raised and drained. The field hospitals were a good deal cramped for want of space, and, moreover, were allotted very bad ground. The placing of their transport animals and followers inside the

serai added also to the insanitary and uncomfortable state of affairs, and no doubt was a mistake, which, however, was rectified on the 28th, when the animals were removed from the serai and placed in the camp outside. Even then sufficient space did not exist to allow of the pitching of all the hospital tents, but as the sick list was small at the time, no harm resulted. Subsequently this condition was again improved, and before I left Landi Kotal the field hospitals had been amply able to expand their wings.

The serai at Landi Kotal is about 400 by 200 yards in size, and has a well-built, thick wall, loop-holed and capable of being defended if held by a sufficient force. At the corners are situated towers higher than the walls, which, however, have been so constructed that they do not appear to be capable of flank firing, and one of which is easy of ascent from the outside. On the south aspect of the building are two huge iron doors, bullet proof, but marked, as the

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walls are, by many bullets, the result of the attack in August already described in Chapter II.

Everything inside the fort had been wrecked, and not a vestige of wood or a beam had been left intact, and even iron piping and other strong material had been twisted and broken by the desperate enemy that had pounced upon the unfortunate defenders. The remains of the buildings inside, which had been intended for British troops, were still visible, and the fireplaces of the officers' mess and other quarters were still intact. Captain Barton's house was completely wrecked, and the whole scene was one of dilapidation, even the fruit trees, of which there are a good many, being destroyed (ringed).

There is a large water tank, empty on our arrival, in the serai, which had been connected by pipes to a stream or spring about a mile and a half off, but these had been severed and destroyed. Another stream

exists about two miles off to the west of the camp which supplies three adjacent tanks, and there is a large reservoir at a convenient distance from the serai, which we used for watering our animals, the quantity of water in it (supplied by rain), however, being small.

The water supply at Landi Kotal I felt would become a serious question in connection with our occupation. Great difficulties would doubtless arise owing to the distance of the streams, and a good deal of improvement by means of pumps, carrying pipes, etc., would no doubt be found necessary. On the south side of the serai is a very good parade ground, which had been used for drilling the Khyber Rifles, and has since been devoted to a large amount of football, and under the hills, in the same direction, is an enclosed graveyard in which are buried a great many British soldiers who died during the last Afghan war. A few officers are also buried there, but the pieces of wood upon

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which their names had been engraved have since been removed. In other respects the grounds and graves have not been desecrated in any way.

It was raining hard all day on the 27th, and bitterly cold, and the General went out with a force to explore in the direction of the Bori Pass, which lies between the Khyber and Bazaar Valleys, and through which we expected the 1st Division would return from the Bazaar Valley.

It was found impracticable, however, and a message to that effect was, I believe, sent to the 1st Division, but whether it reached them or not I cannot say, nor was it known for certain by which route they would return.

I may mention that some neighbouring Maliks had sent word the same day to General Hammond that they did not want to fight, but if our troops approached their villages they would attack us. On hearing this, reinforcements were sent out.

The telegraph had been successfully erected

as far as our camp, but was duly cut almost as soon as completed, and we were very shortly made aware, by the daily cutting of the wire (sometimes in many places) and subsequent events, that the Khyber Pass now behind us was more or less, at anyrate at certain hours after dusk, held by the enemy.

Our letters came through, however, safely with convoys, which of course were well guarded, and travelled by daylight only.

On the 28th it was still raining hard and the weather most trying. During the day a duffedar (corporal) of the 1st Johdpur Cavalry was killed between Landi Kotal and Ali Masjid, and a sowar on convoy duty was also killed and another wounded. There was a rumour in camp that Sir W. Lockhart had returned already from Bazaar and was at Ali Masjid, but I don't think the division got back at the same time.

During the night there was some firing into camp, and a Ghurkha was shot dead within a few yards of the perimeter. The

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next day a part of our force went out to blow up the towers of villages, and I believe five were destroyed. One of these villages belonged to a rich Malik, and contained a very superior-looking house, and built with the very beams of timber which had been looted from the Landi Kotal serai. We in our turn removed this timber and had it brought back to camp.

The rear guard, on returning to camp the same day, was fired upon and two Ghurkhas wounded, one seriously and the other slightly. Our post was not delivered that day, as the escort accompanying it was attacked after passing Ali Masjid, to which place they had to return, the pickets of the 45th Sikhs, I believe, being obliged to retire, there being at the time a dense fog.

Feeling the cold considerably, I went round for some cheer to my friend Ahmed during the afternoon, and as he promised to send me away with at anyrate a pair of warm feet and legs, I remained with him for an

hour. This was how it was done: simply an ordinary table with an "Angeetee" (small iron stove) placed under it containing some hot wood charcoal, which we all sat round. Then a large blanket was put over the table and brought well over our knees. In a short time one's feet became beautifully warm, and Ahmed informed me that the Afghans invariably adopted this method.

It was so cold now that everyone was seeking high and low for an old tin wherein hot wood ashes might be used and placed in one's tent, but from what I saw of such experiments it often ended in the occupants being smoked out. One was also glad to steal anything in the shape of an old bit of sacking to put on the ground in one's tent, and I was actually caught in the act of removing a small (stray, as I thought) piece of carpet, which I found blowing about the lines, but which was promptly seized by a virtuous and loyal servant of his master!

Now, when an Englishman is cold he

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generally walks about as fast as he can, or takes other exercise to promote the circulation; but not so the native, who, the colder he is, the more lethargic he becomes, and the more he huddles up and crawls about with folded arms.

One of the funniest things with reference to one's servants, which I noticed at this time, was the gradual but visible and daily fattening of their faces, and one could see that the ration was good and abundant, and far better and greater than they had ever been accustomed to. If this improved state of affairs in their constitutions would only have put a little more brains into their heads, it might have made things more comfortable, and at anyrate have caused my working attendant to learn in five months how to put on a pair of putties or to give me the left boot first!

CHAPTER XVII

SIR HAVELOCK ALLAN

On the morning of the 30th December the weather began to clear, and the sun came out. Every available piece of rope was therefore in request on which to dry one's things, and the Staff camp was quite gay with the many-hued blankets, rugs and uniform which adorned the drying lines, and which were carefully fastened from tent pole to tent pole, and upon any adjacent branch of a tree.

Those who possessed posteens now turned them the right side out again, for during rainy weather it is always advisable to turn the hairy side out, which has the effect of making the wearer huge looking, and something like an ostrich. If the skin side should

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get wet, it is almost impossible to dry them. Speaking of posteens, I have never liked them, their odour not being pleasant, and to me they are insufferably hot. I think our General was also of the same opinion, and he, like many others, indulged in what was known as a "Coat Warm British," which officers were allowed to purchase at their own expense, and at, I think, too high a figure, but which were served out free to the British soldier, and to a certain percentage to the native troops also. They were warm, but ugly and clumsy.

The 2nd Staff mess had on the previous day taken the opportunity of striking their mess tent and removing its contents to a roofless, doorless, dilapidated old building (a remnant of the wreckage), in which, however, there was a fireplace capable of repair. By means of partially pitching our tent inside this building, so as to keep the rain out, and letting the walls down to keep out the cold winds, we added a degree of

comfort to our domestic life in the mess which was not to be despised, and which was often the envy of others less fortunate. Indeed, with the help of a little engineering skill, our abode was made quite comfortable in spite of the floor being a mass of *débris*, and there being no windows or ventilation beyond the entrance.

Other messes soon followed suit, and soon after our arrival at Landi Kotal there was somewhat keen competition between owners of buildings, designs for fireplaces, and all sorts of improved methods of obtaining comfort and warmth. One mess, moreover, boasted of a fireplace on the cantilever principle, while others dug out the foundation, which gave much more room in the tent space, and before I left the 1st Staff mess were having quite an elaborate mess room constructed, with roofing and windows. Other improvements sprang up in the shape of cover for our horses, and small buildings were being utilised for sick officers, the

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roads about camp were improved, and all *débris* removed, etc., so that in a very short time the serai became altogether more respectable in appearance, and afforded fairly good shelter from storm, rain and cold. My only complaint was, "Oh, for a chair with a back to it!"

Just now and then, to remind one that we really were campaigning, we were supplied with preserved potatoes and vegetables in lieu of fresh. The potatoes were just like dripping in appearance, and the vegetables, both in smell and appearance, were exactly like boiled tea leaves, while the taste of both was indescribable. These commodities have changed, for in Egypt in 1882 the preserved vegetable was served out in little solid squares like tobacco.

I omitted to mention that on the morning of the 29th December Sir Havelock Allan, with two European attendants, arrived in our camp. He was met by the General and given the piece of ground just vacated by our mess

whereon to pitch his tent. My tent was exactly opposite. I spoke to him just as he arrived, although I did not then know who he was, and noticed that he was a fine, well-set-up old gentleman, of good presence and vigour, grey, and with his moustachios waxed. I formed the opinion that he was a man of great independence of character. I think he was carrying a hunting crop at the time, and was wearing a posteen. One of his attendants appeared to be a valet, some said he was a secretary, at anyrate he was evidently on quite friendly terms with his master, and made down his bed in the same tent with him. They both, too, slept on the ground, having no bedsteads of any kind. Soon after their arrival, and when Sir Henry's things had been unpacked and arranged, he sat down at his small camp table and had some light refreshment.

Every now and then, at the sight of any stranger (I may mention that our camp was a good deal visited by the neighbouring

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Shinwaris during the day, who brought in fowls, sheep and wood, etc., for sale), or animals passing his tent or through the Staff lines, he would shout out to them in angry tones, in Hindustani, which he spoke well, and appeared quite annoyed at the freedom they were given in our camp, and could not understand that they were allowed to use it as a thoroughfare. Once he jumped up, and slapping his leg with his riding whip, exclaimed, "If I had only the *jockeying* of these fellows for a fortnight, I would soon wheel them into line." He appeared to be of a boisterous nature at sudden intervals, and then would quiet down just as quickly. After he had finished his repast, his friend came into the tent to speak to him, and Sir Henry said, taking out a newspaper (I think an English one), and after a slight discussion in politics, "Now I will read Joey Chamberlain's speech." All this I could distinctly hear and see from my tent. During the afternoon he would frequently hold loud

and spirited conversations with himself on different subjects, and occasionally wrote in what might have been a diary. He moreover had evidently a liking for music, and frequently whistled the "Vicar of Bray" while he was writing. Sir Havelock Allan only remained one night in our camp, and left us on the morning of the 30th, at about eight o'clock, for Ali Masjid and Jamrud. I saw him start, mounted on a serviceable-looking pony, with his two attendants. He then had his riding crop in his hand, but I do not know if he carried a revolver. We heard no more about him that day, but on the following, the 31st, a helio. message was received in camp to the effect that he had been either killed or captured by the enemy after he had passed Ali Masjid the day before.

Directly we heard the news, everyone said if he had been captured it might have a very important effect upon the future conduct of the war supposing his captors

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found out who he was, because the ransom they would ask for such a prize would be enormous, and almost any terms for his release could be demanded of our Government.

No more particulars were received which could throw further light on this terrible event, except that his pony had been found wounded badly, and we knew nothing at the time of the evidence of his servants or escort. We could only surmise that, as he appeared to be somewhat eccentric and wilful, he may have gone on in front of his escort. Ah! if he had only known and appreciated the stealthiness of the Khyber Afridi, or contemplated for a moment the momentary danger of the pass, with the enemy hidden behind the rocks waiting, ever waiting, for an advantage, an opportunity to kill and plunder!

I suppose when a man is provided with an escort it is not considered necessary to give him any instructions with regard to

procedure, and maybe in this case it was thought that advice with regard to danger or personal safety would have been thrown away. When he left Landi Kotal, as he was accompanying a force we were sending out, I presume it was not considered necessary to warn him not to get in front of them. When I heard the news I recalled some remarks he had made on the morning he left us, which referred to the possibility of his being killed. He spoke in a chaffing, careless manner, and said, "What is the value of life?" "One can only die once," also, "I should be worth capturing," and I think he mentioned a very large sum in connection with this remark.

Later in the day (2:30 p.m.) further news was received that his body had been recovered, and found stripped to the under garments, but not mutilated. I believe that even the Pathans have a code of honour in this respect, and that they never mutilate the bodies of the aged. It

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appears that after leaving Ali Masjid (where he had his photo taken by Rahn) with his servants and escort, he, for some reason or other, took the turning to the right which leads to Lala China and the Bazaar Valley. Whether he galloped away from his escort, telling them not to follow him as he would be back soon, or not, I cannot say, but I can scarcely believe, from what I have seen of the path he took, that he could have gone there unnoticed. As he did not return, the escort, etc., I believe, went back to Ali Masjid to give information as to what had happened. A picket was sent over at once, and Sir Henry's pony was found straying about with a wound in his jaw, and brought back to camp. It is presumed that the pony was shot first. Sir Henry's body was then found near a tree (against which he may have leaned till he bled to death) in a somewhat secluded spot, which was approached by ground covered with high rushes, and to

which his body had been dragged after he fell from his pony, which was demonstrated by the blood tracks. I believe his wounds (two) were in the upper part of the body, one of which severed the brachial artery.

His pony was subsequently brought to Landi Kotal and placed in the hands of our Vet; and when I last saw it, it was taking soft food very well.

I wondered at the time why somebody interested would not have thought it worth while to send the poor animal home to his master's relatives. I am not given to writing panegyrics, and in this instance, where, I may say, Sir Havelock Allan was a total stranger to me, having never seen him before, it would be impossible for me to do so, but from even the very short time that he was in our camp, I was, from my own observation, led to admire his great personality and the frankness of his manner, and felt that I should have liked to have known him better. The news of his tragic

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death, therefore, was a blow to me, and I could but think of the terrible uncertainty of life, and that the strong manly voice I had heard in the morning was stilled by the hand of death the same day.

What I have written here of him has not been in the least influenced by any subsequent knowledge or hearsay, but is simply a truthful record, however badly told and imperfect, of what I myself observed. I shall always, moreover, connect him in my mind with the song he evidently was so fond of—"The Vicar of Bray."

CHAPTER XVIII

STIRRING TIMES, ETC.

ON the same day that Sir Havelock Allan left Landi Kotal and was killed (30th December), other equally stirring events occurred. The usual force left camp in the morning to blow up village towers, and at 5.45 p.m., when it should have been returning, a bugler was seen galloping back excitedly, who brought information that the rear guard (consisting of the Oxfordshire Regiment), or rather the flanking parties of it, were being attacked and hard pressed, and at that moment they were defending themselves in a village, and unable to leave it.

I may mention that during the day some twenty-two towers had been destroyed, and while these operations were going on, shots

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from the enemy had fallen very near the General and Staff, who had, however, since returned to camp.

The rear guard was now about four miles off, and dusk would soon be coming on. The man who brought the message was almost breathless from excitement, and it was very difficult to quite make out from his description the exact state of affairs. I think, however, that he did a very plucky thing in riding back alone to convey the news, and for which he certainly should be rewarded, although I have never heard of this having been done.

The General quickly came up, and in fifteen minutes a relieving force started off at the double, he himself accompanying on foot. I also despatched three medical officers, and arranged that beef-tea, hot water, stimulants, and beds, etc., should be at once got ready for the wounded when they came in. The relieving force reached the rear guard by 7:30 p.m., and it appears that

when the Oxfordshire pickets (four companies), who had been on convoy duty and were crowning the heights as usual, were returning, they were fired upon from both sides of the pass. They then ran into a large ravine for protection, which I am told is a fatal thing to do under such circumstances, and while there were simply enfiladed with rifle fire, many casualties occurring. They finally managed, however, to get into a village, bringing their wounded with them, and then prepared to defend it, through loop-holes which they made, until relief came.

Their casualties were, three men killed, three officers (one being Lieutenant-Colonel Plowden, commanding) wounded, including one dangerously and two severely, eleven N.C.O.s and men wounded (one being the sergeant-major), including three dangerously, six severely, and two slightly. The wounded began to arrive in camp at 9.30 p.m., and I waited up until eleven p.m. (as I wanted to

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see them all), when they were all comfortably settled.

It was not considered necessary or advisable to remove their field dressings that night, which had been in all cases well applied by Surgeon-Major Reid, whose conduct during the attack was highly spoken of to me by Colonel Plowden. I believe two out of the three dead bodies had been recovered and brought back to camp. The sergeant-major's wound was the most serious one, being in the back, and, from subsequent symptoms, it was known that some injury had been done to the spine.

I was told that the bullet which struck Colonel Plowden had previously pierced his adjutant's helmet, and no doubt several present had very narrow escapes. Colonel Plowden's wound, although not serious, was nearly being so, the bullet having skirted round his body without touching any vital organ. He, however, as the result, no doubt, of chill and exposure on the evening of

attack, contracted a pneumonia, which, of course, seriously complicated matters, but I am glad to say he eventually made a good recovery.

During the early part of this eventful day, I managed to get through a few important telegrams, but I need not say that by evening the wire was duly severed. Indeed, it became quite a little excitement watching one's opportunity every day to communicate with India, and urgent official work was often at a standstill on account of the frequent wire-cutting.

The next day our camp outside the fort was improved and strengthened with regard to its entrenchments, and, had the enemy now thought fit to attack, they would have had a very rough time of it. A distinguished stranger also arrived in the shape of Captain Barton's little Irish terrier, who, I believe, had been with his master at Landi Kotal up to the time of his leaving there in August. As no dogs had ever

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been allowed with our column, this little guest was evidently an honoured as well as a most welcome one.

The same day the two guns of the mountain battery which had been left at Ali Masjid returned, on being, I believe, relieved by another battery. This was the last day of the year, a quiet one too, so I strolled round to one of the messes to indulge in a really good warm in front of the cantilever fireplace before mentioned, and to have a chat. Conversation ran on various topics, mostly disconnected. The use and abuse of the Khyber Rifles was discussed, and one of the company remarked that a very good thing about these distinguished individuals was that if their commanding officer happened to lose or break his sword he could order no swords to be worn in future, which would simplify matters, at anyrate until he procured another! There was philosophy in this remark, and I took it to heart, but not, it

is needless to say, for future guidance. Another stated that, in his opinion, there was no doubt we were now bluffing the Afridis, who thought that, like the Bazaar Valley force who went in and came out again, we would just run up the Khyber, blow up a few villages, and then take our departure, but now that they found we were sitting down calmly and repairing the fort, and that, moreover, we had a very large force, they would probably give in. To this I rejoined, "We will see."

But my readers can well imagine how much we were in want of amusement, and how childish our brains were becoming when merriment was caused by the following riddle: "Why is a mouse when it spins?" "Because the higher it goes the fewer!"

This was followed by short anecdotes, the truth of them being, of course, indisputable. It occurred to someone present to observe that, on the occasion of a shell having been

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fired at the enemy one day, a "miss" was recorded by signal in the form of a puggaree wagging each time the shell fell short, or wide, etc., which no doubt denoted that the man had been once a soldier in Government employ and understood the art of signalling.

Another remarked to his nearest and dearest friend that he supposed, after the war was over, he would either get a C.B. or a Court Martial! There was silence after that, as it was not quite understood what his speech meant to convey, although some-one present thought the remark about the French Legion of Honour that, "it was hard to escape it," might have something to do with it.

The gulf between success with honour and failure with disgrace is indeed very small. I have heard of a commanding officer who for some error, perhaps in judgment, or due, maybe, to the faults of others, lost command of his regiment

and all further hope of employment, but who, if that particular error had not been committed, would probably have been awarded a decoration. Oh! what a thing luck is! and ill luck!

There is also a genus of military man who is neither brilliant nor learned, who does nothing in particular to merit even notice, who keeps clear of arguments and the assertion of his opinions, who takes no initiative, and does not burden his General with original ideas, but who is good-tempered and docile. Such an individual will perhaps, to everybody's astonishment and his own, find himself figuring in a lengthy despatch.

The reply of a sick soldier who, when asked what was the matter with him, said, "I've got enteric fever, but otherwise I am all right," concluded the conversation, and the company dissolved.

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CHAPTER XIX

THE NEW YEAR

ON the 1st January we received information that the Zakka Khels had begun setting fire to their boosa stacks, which abounded in all the villages. This, of course, would cut off a considerable amount of our forage supply. The same day General Hammond went up the Tsera Mullah with a force to examine some caves which the enemy were supposed to occupy at night, and was fired upon, with the result that Lieutenant Hammond, the General's nephew and orderly officer, was very severely wounded in the back. When he was brought back to camp an attempt was made to find the bullet, but without success, and from subsequent symptoms (a considerable amount of

paralysis setting in), and the condition of the patient, it was probable that the spine had been severely injured; indeed, some broken pieces of vertebræ could be distinctly felt. We moved him into a building, which was made as comfortable as possible, and in which a fire could be made. The General was very much cut up, and when his nephew was wounded they were standing only a few yards apart. It was not, however, realised at the time how serious was the injury, and the poor young fellow had been evidently marked by his assailants. It was a sad occurrence in so fine a young officer and one so full of promise.

I personally took a very pessimistic view of the wound and its results, and told the General, which I thought was wiser, that, even if his nephew should recover, he would probably never be able to soldier again.

Two men of the Inniskilling Fusiliers were also wounded (one severely) the same day; also one of the 34th Pioneers, whose

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wound was so serious, that he died soon after. Two Sappers, who were engaged in destroying the village towers, were blown to atoms by dynamite whilst removing some of that dangerous material from a box; and what an irony of fate it was!

The wire still continued to be cut every evening on the return of our troops to camp, and the enemy kept up their somewhat successful and excessively trying tactics of attacking the rear guard. What a difference this war has been to previous ones on the frontier, due, I should say, entirely to the fact of their being now armed with modern rifles, and having abundance of ammunition; and there is no doubt that, on their own ground in the rocky hills, they are, man for man, more than a match for us, being, moreover, better shots all round.

The Pathans are, taken as a whole, I think, physically finer men than British soldiers, the chief reason being that with them it is a case of the survival of the fittest with

regard to their fighting material, the weaker ones having been early in life weeded out, which is certainly not the case with our rank and file.

I have often heard the question discussed as to whether Sikhs and Ghurkhas make better soldiers than Pathans, and I have been led to believe that the two former are superior, because as a race they are less intelligent, and therefore more ignorant of danger. The Pathan is matchless in attacks and when everything points to success, while the Sikh is a tower of strength in a rear guard action.

Our mountain artillery of course gave us an immense advantage over the enemy, and it is only by its means that these plucky and hardy warriors could be dislodged (so long as their ammunition lasted) from their sangars and fastnesses.

I do not think we killed very many of them on the whole, and as they always managed to take away their wounded, it was impossible

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to come to any conclusion with regard to their casualties.

While at Landi Kotal, our neighbours, the Shinwaris, brought in certain daily supplies, and a small bazaar rapidly sprung up in camp, where Tommy and his friend the Ghurkha might often be seen negotiating eatables of a rather doubtful nature. Milk could be purchased at two and a half seers * the rupee, which some of my readers will know was a rather startling price.

I may mention that, after our arrival at Landi Kotal, Captain Barton had offered certain terms or proposals to the Shinwaris, which included the rendering up of rifles and money, which terms were, I believe, to a certain extent, complied with. These Shinwaris also consented to picket certain adjacent hills to the north of camp day and night, and this relieved our troops of a good deal of work.

On the morning of the 2nd January

* A seer is about two pints.

managed to get a wire through making some inquiries of the medical authorities with regard to the Rontgen rays, which would be no doubt of great service in Lieutenant Hammond's case, when he was fit to be moved to Peshawar. In the afternoon the General ordered some pickets and mountain guns to be placed on a neighbouring hill near camp, which commanded not only a certain number of villages, but also the road along which our troops would return to camp, at the same time being kept out of sight of them. This was done with the object of endeavouring to waylay and attack in flank the enemy who might be following up our rear guard, and who sometimes were daring enough to approach almost the limits of camp.

All the evening a regular little battle seemed to be going on, and the procedure of our pickets and guns could be distinctly seen and heard from the fort. It was presumed that, after the enemy had ceased his rear guard attack, he would occupy the

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villages for the night; these villages were consequently shelled, the practice being excellent, and I do not think the Afridis remained in them very long. Four miles of telegraph wire were reported as cut the same day, and our communication with the outer world, of course, was seriously affected thereby.

In the evening at six o'clock the General held a council of war in the Staff mess tent, at which I was present, to consider some proceedings he was about to carry out the next morning. He produced a rough sketch of his plans, which were to include the watching of the entrance to the Bori Pass, and trying to catch the enemy as he would leave the villages near it. I may mention that Afridis are not very early risers, so that a *bag* might be expected. I thought the General very clear, methodical and concise in his details and in all his measures against the enemy. He invariably made ample provisions against defeat or surprise. At the same time, one could not help noticing how

weak were the numbers left behind on these occasions for the defence of camp, and in the present instance there would be scarcely a man left behind, and in case of attack I do not know what would have happened.

As a part of the scheme, it was arranged that 200 men of the 9th Ghurkhas should leave at four a.m. on the 3rd January, while at 5.30 the Field Battery, the Inniskilling Fusiliers, half the Sappers and Miners Company, and the remainder of the Ghurkhas were to proceed. At 5.45 a.m. four mountain guns, the wing of the Oxfordshire Regiment (the other wing and the 45th Sikhs, etc., being still at Ali Masjid), and a troop of 9th Bengal Lancers were ordered to leave.

Snow and sleet, however, began to fall very early in the morning. It was, moreover, pitch dark, there being no moon, and the affair was abandoned. Perhaps this was a dispensation of Providence! The first party of Ghurkhas had, however, already started, and had to be recalled.

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It had now been freezing for some days, and the cold was intense, plenty of ice lying about. Some excitement from the novelty of the situation, I suppose, occurred in being obliged to remove the snow from the tops of our tents, and it was hoped that much more would not fall, which might possibly break them down.

The usual daily picket duty went on in the pass, and it was a sad blow to everyone when at five p.m. the dead body of Major Hickman (shot through the heart) of the 34th Pioneers was brought in, thus making five casualties among our officers in the past four days, including one killed and two dangerously wounded.

It was terrible to notice the large number of casualties among the officers in this campaign, and I believe poor Hickman was passing a door, no doubt marked, when he was hit from a distance of about 800 yards, while I heard that his bugler, who was following him at the time, was shot through the pug-

garee. It was a common report that almost every stone was marked by the Afridis for the sighting of their rifles, and that they waited their opportunity of someone passing them, knowing such distances to a yard. Undoubtedly, also, officers were picked out, and it was a wise remark of the British soldier who said to one of his pals, "Avoid officers and white stones!"

The whole procedure of this hill warfare, in fact, is most demoralising to the British soldier, who always likes to see his enemy, and the question might be raised whether native troops alone are not the best material for the purpose. An army composed of Ghurkha and Pathan scouts, who would require less commissariat supplies, less luxuries, less tentage, and who are skilful hill climbers, would be undoubtedly better adapted to the work than British soldiers.

Major Hickman was a charming fellow and a splendid regimental officer, whose loss

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will be keenly felt. He was, moreover, a great favourite, was most unassuming and kind-hearted. Sad to relate, he left a wife and six children to mourn his loss. I had a long chat with him the evening before he was killed, and was much taken with his manner. I may add that the picket duty before mentioned was performed in the Khyber Pass by our troops for half the distance from Landi Kotal to Ali Masjid, where they were met by similar pickets from the latter place, while on the other side the troops at Ali Masjid sent them as far as Fort Maude, where they were met by pickets from Jamrud.

During the occupation by day of the pass by our pickets it was supposed to be safe for the passage of convoys, mails, etc., although I must say that at the best it would appear to be but a substitute for more perfect methods of protection, and the distance between the pickets, owing to the paucity of troops, was always, I think, dangerously great.

Heavy sniping into camp took place on the night of the 3rd, but there were no casualties. On the 4th the wing of the Oxfordshire Regiment arrived from Ali Masjid, and the same evening I went over to the hospitals to visit the wounded, when I found that the condition of Lieutenant Hammond, the sergeant-major of the Oxfordshire, and one private of the same regiment, had not improved in my opinion, but all the others were doing well.

The next day I transferred the following sick and wounded to the Base :—

British, 4 wounded officers.

„ 12 wounded N.C.O.s and men.

„ 12 sick N.C.O.s and men.

Native, 11 sick N.C.O.s and men.

I had previously arranged that the Kahars should be changed at Ali Masjid, and fresh ones supplied there, so that the sick convoy could be pushed on to Jamrud the same day. I also arranged that tongas, dandies and riding-ponies should be in waiting at Ali

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Masjid on the previous day, and I had wired to the senior medical officer to have beef-tea, etc., ready on the arrival of the men. The General had, moreover, arranged with Colonel Aslam Khan, who arrived in camp the same day, that on reaching Jamrud the sick and wounded should be accommodated in the Khyber Rifles hospital.

I started off the convoy at ten a.m., and it duly reached Jamrud the same day without any casualties on the way. I had ordered the start to be made from Landi Kotal at nine a.m., but there was so much difficulty in finding a sufficient number of Kahars, many of whom were hiding and had to be dragged out of their places of concealment, that there was an hour's delay. The same day Dr Donaldson Smith, the American correspondent, left us, and the 45th Sikhs, with two sections of Field Hospitals (left behind), arrived from Ali Masjid.

CHAPTER XX

DOINGS AT LANDI KOTAL

ON the 6th January a very important order came into force, viz., that for ever after the Peshawar Column was to be known as the 5th Brigade Tirah Expeditionary Force, and be placed under the orders of the general officer commanding the 1st Division.

We did not know quite what this measure implied, but one thing was certain, that it meant a reduction in the number of Staff officers, who could not be entertained on the strength of a brigade, and it also probably foretold a change in the constitution of the force itself. The 5th Brigade would, moreover, probably not be so independent in its actions as the Peshawar Column was, and it may have been felt by some that now a certain amount of freedom had gone.

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Our highest degree of frost (11) was registered the same morning, and I was extremely sorry to say good-bye to Captain Barton, who was handing over his political duties to Colonel Aslam Khan, and about to take up his appointment as commanding the Khyber Rifles at Jamrud. We were losing a very genial spirit, and one who, under all circumstances, like one of Dickens's characters, was always jolly.

A new scheme was tried the previous evening in the placing of forty Ghurkhas with a European officer in one of the neighbouring unfriendly villages, there to remain all night and try and catch the wily Afridi, who might innocently approach for shelter in the darkness, but I do not think any success rewarded the scheme.

Strange to say, the telegraph wire had not been cut, nor a shot fired for the last two days, and it was believed that the Zakka Khels had either gone into Afghanistan or the Bazaar Valley (for a holiday!), or that they

had merely left for a few days to procure a fresh supply of ammunition.

The next day, owing to the scarcity of water, half the transport animals of the force were transferred to Jamrud, and for the same reason arrangements were made for the washing of clothes to be carried out at Ali Masjid, whither they were sent under escort twice weekly.

I was sorry to find that my old friend Surgeon-Major Reid had to be placed on the sick list for fever, which turned out to be enteric, and when I left Landi Kotal he was not considered well enough to move or I would have brought him back to India with me.

For some reason or other the authorities had now put back our time fifteen minutes, which, at anyrate, had one good result—that is, giving us a little more time in bed in the mornings and a chance of a dash of sunlight. As it was, the mornings were so dark that those who, like myself, preferred to shave

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before breakfast found some difficulty in doing so, and it was amusing to watch the various hours of the day and night at which this operation was performed.

On the 8th January a large part of our force went out, and the weather became suddenly quite warm, and the same day the 2nd Battalion 4th Ghurkhas arrived and joined our brigade, their strength being 521 officers and men, and 317 followers. The general appearance of the men of this regiment was different to that of the 9th Ghurkhas. They were shorter, more squarely built, and more typical in countenance of the Mongolian race. I have been told, however, that the men of the 9th Ghurkhas are of a very good stamp, being mostly the progeny of a Ghurkha mother and Rajput father.

The addition of this regiment brought us up to six battalions of infantry,—rather an imposing force for a brigade to consist of! The strength of the brigade was now :—

EFFECTIVE.		SICK.	
British officers,	99	British officers,	2
European ranks,	1472	European ranks,	36
Native ranks,	2844	Native ranks,	105
	<u>4415</u>		<u>143</u>

There was some talk now of hutments being built for the troops by the Royal Engineers, and the fact gave rise to a remark which I heard one Tommy make to another, "to go and hut himself!" However, it could only have been conjecture, for at the time no decision had been come to as to whether our troops were to hold the Khyber, or at anyrate be located at Landi Kotal, although I heard a rather distinguished officer remark that one very excellent reason for retaining the Khyber would be the facility it gave for practising the art of war. He was one of the forward policy enthusiasts, although an extremely quiet-looking individual.

On the 9th January, Major-General Symons,

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commanding the 1st Division, with some of his Staff, including the P.M.O., arrived in camp and inspected the troops, field hospitals, etc., and on the 12th I received orders to return to my station in Bengal, other Staff officers soon after being dealt with in the same manner.

I was therefore extremely busy getting returns, reports, correspondence, etc., completed, as I was desirous of leaving Landi Kotal as soon as possible. I may mention that the delight of my servants at the prospect of so soon returning to India was unbounded.

On the 13th I sent out with the troops a modified Bearer Company, the scheme for which I had already drawn up and intended submitting in my Report on the Medical History of the War. I was informed the same day that wires had been flying about to the Officer Commanding Royal Engineers, who had been making elaborate plans and estimates for the defence of Landi Kotal

to hold fast, because I presume the Government had not *quite* made up its mind as to the retention of the place. My own impression was at the time that not only should the Khyber, with its posts at Fort Maude Ali Masjid and Landi Kotal, be held by our troops, in addition to Khyber Rifles, but that defensible fortresses or towers should be constructed, supplied with reserves of food, water and ammunition, and that, moreover, a light railway should be constructed from Jamrud to Landi Kotal, and also, if considered advantageous, from Peshawar to Jamrud, to complete the connection with India. It is far wiser that we should make friends with the Khyber tribes, and endeavour to win them over to our ideas of civilisation; and what, may I ask, would be more effective in bringing this about than the making of a railway through the pass?

No doubt, during the construction of this railway, and perhaps for a certain time after-

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wards, there would be a great deal of trouble, and possibly danger, connected with the work, and it would have to be performed, of course, under strong protection, but I feel sure that the tribes would in the end be conciliated, and as they saw the result of quick and easy communication with India, and the increase of their trade, they would in the end use the railway as willingly and eagerly as the inhabitants of India do to-day.

CHAPTER XXI

A SLIGHT DIVERSION

BEFORE leaving Landi Kotal and the Peshawar Column I will, if my readers will not deem it out of place, make a few remarks with regard to the defects in the working and *personnel*, etc., of the medical department, which came under my notice during the time I was connected with the war, and also certain suggestions which may or may not be worthy of note.

1. With reference to field hospitals, the size of the camp relegated to them, according to regulations, is unnecessarily great, and in campaigns on the Indian frontier I do not think could or would ever be entertained by the General Officer Commanding. From my own observations I should say that 104 yards square is ample space for the accommodation of a British, and 90 yards square for a Native field hospital.

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Then, again, if the position of a field hospital be the centre of camp, the Quarter and Rear guards, as laid down, are not required. Arm racks should be provided for the security of patients' rifles, and placed under the charge of a non-commissioned officer. The present operating table in use is far too flimsy and complicated, and invariably breaks on active service, or gets out of gear. A new description of lantern is also greatly needed. With regard to the drugs supplied to field hospitals, I would advocate the use almost entirely of tabloids and soloids, which would reduce weight, space and chance of deterioration.

2. Ambulance transport for the removal of sick and wounded from field hospitals to Base is a most important question, and one upon which depends in no small degree the success of a campaign. It should be at the entire disposal of, and under the orders of, the Principal Medical Officer. In my own experience difficulty occasionally arose through delays in the return of tongas

(to the column) which had conveyed sick to Peshawar, and if required again urgently, as occurred in our march from Ilam Gudr to Swaikote, when only twenty-four hours' notice of our move was given, they should be obtainable on the spot. The animal transport supplied to field hospitals should invariably be the best procurable, every animal being capable of carrying two maunds (160 lbs.), and the riding saddles should be lighter than at present (about 50 lbs.). These saddles might also with advantage be fitted with light back rests, and on the fore part another rest sloping forwards and downwards, on which a damaged lower limb could be secured.

3. The dandies in use are far too heavy, and some I had weighed were 105 lbs., including two filled chaguls (leather water-bottles). The colour of the cover might be improved, and khaki substituted for the present green or white. This would make the dandies less conspicuous, which in hill warfare is a great consideration.

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4. Field stretchers should, in my opinion, not only form part of the field hospital equipment, but the number carried by regiments might with advantage be increased to one per company. Dandies cannot be taken in some places where troops are operating, and then the whole of the medical arrangements for the removal of sick and wounded falls upon the regimental stretchers; and in the event of many casualties it will easily be seen that the number provided by regulation—viz., four (per battalion)—is insufficient. Improvised stretchers are also to be advocated, and might be made of light bamboo poles and blankets, with pieces of wood to fit on the ends of the poles to keep them apart. Some were constructed in this manner for the use of our column, two feet four inches broad, and distributed to corps. This leads to the question of Bearer Companies, which, if employed, should certainly be furnished with stretchers as a part of their equipment. At present, however, Bearer Companies, as separate

units, do not exist in India, and are formed at the time required from field hospitals, which, as remarked before, do not possess stretchers. As a matter of experience, and as at present constituted, the employment of Bearer Companies in hill warfare is very difficult, collecting and dressing stations as a general rule being unnecessary and almost impossible to locate.

5. The Kahar (dooly or dandy carrier) proper appears to me to be a thing of the past, which I suppose is in a great measure the result of modern and more civilised locomotion in India, and he is simply, as a type, dying out for want of use. However, as Kahars still have a place, and an important one, in all our frontier expeditions, the question of fitness and physical aptitude for the work required of them is one of great concern to the State. Of the Kahars who came under my notice, only a very few had ever carried a dandy in their lives before, and were, moreover, nothing but ordinary coolies, their physique being deplorable. They should not be over-worked

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by fatigue duties in camp as I have seen, which greatly interferes with their legitimate work, and knocks them up. The ward servants in India also should be specially enlisted for their duties, and should not consist of the dregs of the recruiting market. They might, as the recruits for the Medical Staff Corps at home, be specially selected or obtained from other corps, and be, moreover, men of good character, physique and intelligence. ••

6. With regard to the clothing of our troops, I have only to remark that, in my opinion, the trousers of the British infantry soldier and of the Ghurkha rifleman are far too tight. A loose knickerbocker would be more suitable. Followers should be provided, as a part of their kit, with warm socks, and all hired transport drivers with clothing and tents. I believe hospital accommodation for the Tirah Expedition was provided for twelve per cent. of troops and followers, which necessitated 6526 beds being available, and the mobilisation of thirty-six

and a half field hospitals. From this it may be seen that the medical arrangements were on an extensive scale, and I think I am right in saying that this provision almost exactly fitted the actual requirements, which should reflect great credit on those who had to undertake the organisation of the medical department. On the other hand, it would appear that the Government have yet to solve the difficulty of maintaining and providing a sufficient transport service for our frontier expeditions. The demand for animals in such a campaign as the one under notice, where some 30,000 men were employed, must of necessity be enormous, and when it becomes necessary to employ only mules, the difficulty increases. I believe the told number of animals reached over 70,000 as the campaign went on, and it would be impossible to provide, if urgently required, such a large number from the ordinary resources, unless Government intends to enlarge considerably the present peace establishments.

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CHAPTER XXII

AN ADVENTURE

ON the 14th January 1898—it was freezing at the time—I left Landi Kotal at nine a.m. My tent and baggage were satisfactorily packed, and my office having been broken up, the clerk accompanied my servants.

Two other officers, both belonging to the Royal Engineers, one being Captain Nathan, were also leaving, which I was very glad of, as I intended walking to Ali Masjid, and it was a great thing to have company. A convoy was proceeding to Ali Masjid at the same time, so, to avoid the dust of a mile or so of camels, we determined upon accompanying the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, the regiment ordered to picket the pass for the day. Some mountain guns

also came with us, and as we reached the more open part of the Khyber, where there are a large number of villages, some shells were fired, I suppose with the object of finding out if any of the enemy were lurking about, although I was afterwards informed that they had been firing at some of the enemy seen on a far-off hill to our front.

We got well away in front of the convoy (probably half-an-hour's start of it), and went merrily along at a swinging pace with the gallant Irish soldiers. Pickets were soon thrown out on either side, some towards the villages, and others on prominent and commanding hills, and the Fusiliers seemed well used to the work. Soon after the mountain guns had come into action, a great cloud of dust was to be seen behind us, and in another moment the field battery came galloping up the road, turned to the left across the open ground, and halted. This was followed by

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General Hammond and his staff, also riding at a gallop, who turned off the road to the right. They evidently sought the reason of the firing, and I believe had come out expecting a fight. We were then about four miles from Landi Kotal. When we proceeded a little further we found the telegraph wire terribly cut, the posts torn out of the ground, and altogether I should say some three miles of wire destroyed, and it struck me and my two friends that it would take some time to establish connection again between Landi Kotal and Ali Masjid. Indeed, one suggested that some plan by which a strong electric current could be fixed to the poles might be devised, by which the wily Afridi would be satisfactorily caught in his act of destruction.

The General and Staff rode back in a short time, and I was able to say good-bye to them all before renewing our march. At eleven o'clock, near a deep gorge, we came

across a mule, not long dead, lying on the road. It was a telegraph animal, its load of wire lying beside it, and had been shot dead by the enemy.

Now as we went on and the pickets were being thrown out, and the regiment consequently getting every moment weaker, the thought suddenly dawned upon me (which I duly communicated to my friends) that, soon we should find ourselves alone! We had, in fact, done rather a foolish thing, for we had come without any escort, and never considered the fact of the picketing regiment only being allowed to come five miles of the way. From the appearance of the telegraph wire, and I suppose also from intuition, it became apparent to us that the Zakka Khels were back in the pass again, and I began to feel the position we were placed in rather keenly.

When we arrived with the last part of the picketing regiment (half-way to Ali

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Masjid), firing was to be heard in front of us, and as the pickets from Ali Masjid had not yet arrived, we halted on a small hillock with the men, and the officer commanding said to me, with an astonished look, "Have you no escort?" We, my two friends and I, simply looked at one another. He then said that he could only send on his last picket (advanced) of about a dozen men another quarter of a mile with us, and then—well, he could not advise anything, as we had still another five miles to go, and the most dangerous part of the pass in front of us. However, we bade him good-bye and went on.

Soon after we had left the twelve men by the roadside, about eight men of the 30th Punjab Infantry, with a native officer (from Ali Masjid), came running breathless towards us. They hurriedly explained that they were a guard escorting a telegraph party to mend the wires, and had *five minutes* before been fired upon, from both hill sides,

by about a hundred of the enemy. They wore posteens, and one showed me where a bullet had raised his coat at the shoulder. Another was lying dead and mutilated a few yards off, showing that the Zakkas had actually come down into the road a few minutes before! Two others were wounded, and three mules had been taken away from them by these daring and desperate Afridis, who in broad daylight had left their hills when they must have known that a good number of our troops were about.

We went on a short distance, but as we could see some of the enemy, who had only just ran up the hill sides, we crouched down in a small nullah, and returned to the Inniskilling picket, which was still on the road.

In the meantime the advanced picket of the 30th Punjab Infantry had arrived, and occupied the hill to our right and some 800 yards distant, and of course other pickets were by this time in the pass; but as the

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place had become suddenly so dangerous I refused to proceed any farther until the convoy (with which there would be an escort) came up, as I considered we had already had a narrow escape, and it would not do to tempt Providence, and, moreover, numbers of the enemy could still be seen on the hills.

One of my friends thoroughly agreed to this proposal, although the other, who at any risk wanted to push on, did not. However, we carried the day, and were told afterwards that we were quite right, and it certainly would have been a great piece of ill-luck to have been killed on the day of one's return from active service. Thank God, at 11:30 a.m. about fifty men each of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry and 45th Sikhs came up the road and halted, and we felt ourselves safe once more, although of course we did not know where the enemy were even then.

It was very lucky for us that these troops

did come up, as the convoy was still a considerable distance behind. The Oxfordshire and Sikhs, it appeared, were on their way to Badni Bridge, near Peshawar, where they were to form a guard for their regimental transport, half of which had been already sent there. In a few minutes we all started off again with lighter hearts and steps, and got through the bend in the pass about a mile in front of us—a very nasty bit—safely. We then met the “washing” with its escort returning to Landi Kotal from Ali Masjid. It appeared to me strange that neither they nor our rescuers knew anything about the escape we had had, and that no shots had been heard.

I walked all the way to Ali Masjid, where we arrived safely at 1.15 p.m., and I felt very tired. Thanks to the hospitality of Captain Nathan, I had not to pitch my tent at Ali Masjid, as he lent me one, which I was very glad of, and I was so hot after my eleven miles' walk and exciting adventure that I had to sit rolled up in a blanket until my

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garments dried on me, as I did not want to unpack any fresh clothes. I dined the same night with the hospitable Sappers in their comfortable little mess tent, and everything was most enjoyable, including a bottle of excellent stout.

I noticed how smartly laid out the camp was now at Ali Masjid, and how vastly improved since I had seen it last. All stones had since been removed, streets were neatly and regularly made, and the field hospitals were most imposing looking. I also paid a visit to a refreshment tent which had been started by some enterprising native, and altogether the place had quite an air of civilisation about it.

Although there was a strong breeze blowing, the air was much warmer than at Landi Kotal, and consequently flies abounded. I was frequently asked whether I was not delighted to get back to India, and I must say I could not deny it. I went to bed with a light heart, for the next day I hoped to be in India again.

CHAPTER XXIII

RETURN TO INDIA

HAVING had breakfast and said good-bye to the hospitable Sappers, I left Ali Masjid at 9.15 a.m. on the 15th. There was lots of company for me this time, for not only were the Oxfordshire and 45th Sikhs Transport guards leaving for Badni Bridge, but there were also parties of the 34th Pioneers, commanded by an old Burmah acquaintance, Wallis, and 9th Ghurkhas proceeding to the same place. A large convoy of camels blocked the road when we started, and it was difficult to get along in some places.

I noticed the road to the right soon after leaving Ali Masjid, which Sir H. Havelock Allan took before he was killed, and which leads to Lala China.

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Nothing of interest occurred during the march to Jamrud, and I walked about half the distance. One thing, however, I did notice, and that was the absence, to my sight, of pickets on the hills. I suppose they were there, but I was not the only one who remarked that we saw but one picket the whole way. Just before reaching Jamrud we passed several cartloads of pumps, which were evidently intended for the Landi Kotal water supply.

At noon I arrived in the camp of the 1st Division at Jamrud, and as I rode up was met by a servant with a note from Surgeon-Colonel Townsend, kindly inviting me to lunch, etc., which was most welcome and much appreciated.

I may mention that before leaving Ali Masjid I had informed my servants that it was my intention to push on to Peshawar the same day, and although the distance, twenty-one miles, was a pretty long walk for them, their anxiety to get back to India, where there

would be safety and comfort, was sufficient incentive to overcome foot-soreness and fatigue. One of my saises accompanied me, the other, with my second horse and the bearer, coming on behind.

As soon as I reached Jamrud I went to the field post-office there, and arranged to have a seat in the mail tonga leaving in the evening for Peshawar. I then handed over my clerk, office tent and furniture, etc., to the Principal Medical Officer, as I had been ordered to do. Tiffin (luncheon) came next, and the rest of my time was spent in getting fresh camels for my baggage (which, with my servants, arrived during the afternoon), and over which I had a considerable amount of trouble and many visits to the Commissariat godown, the chief difficulty being with the camel-drivers, who refused, until a good deal of pressure and persuasion were exercised, to proceed to Peshawar at all. However, this was satisfactorily arranged in the end, and I started them off at four o'clock.

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The mail tonga left at 5.15, and Peshawar was reached at about six o'clock, for we travelled at a good pace. Now I noticed that the road between Jamrud and Peshawar was extremely well picketed, which looked as if there was still an amount of danger around, although we were in India, and I began to think at once of the safety of my servants and baggage, who could not possibly be in till dark. On arrival I went straight to a friend's bungalow for the night, and was delighted to see my servants turn up at nine p.m. They were, of course, very tired and done up, but, I am sure, as glad as I was to be able to sleep once more in safety.

The first thing I did after arrival in Peshawar was to take the cartridges out of my revolver, and then revel in a warm bath. The next morning I met some old friends, one being a lady whom I had known seven years previously and before her marriage, while the other was Mr Brooke Fox, of the Public Works Department, who

was in Rawal Pindi with me twenty years before.

Although it was Sunday, I managed to get my warrants to leave the same evening, and arranged that the horses should come on subsequently. The ringing of the church bells in Peshawar sounded strangely solemn after my absence from civilisation, and the sight of smartly-dressed ladies was most refreshing. My meeting Mr Fox was a great piece of luck, for he was also leaving for Rawal Pindi by the mail that evening, and kindly invited me to share his private carriage. This meant absolute comfort, an excellent dinner, and a long chat over old times.

Before leaving the bungalow in Peshawar, I was presented with a lovely bunch of violets by a little Pathan boy, who had acted as punkah coolie for me in September, and who evidently still remembered me. He belonged to an Afridi village near the mouth of the Khyber, and was one of the prettiest boys I have ever seen.

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At the station in the evening were Sir W. Lockhart, General Nicholson, and Surgeon-General Harvey, and I think the two former were on their way to Calcutta. I also saw an officer of the Inniskilling Fusiliers who had come right through from Landi Kotal during the day, and he told me that fighting was going on in the Khyber, and that the number of the enemy had now increased to about 500. I was not surprised to hear this after my own experience, and when leaving Ali Masjid I had warned some of the more reckless spirits that there would be still trouble, and not to expose themselves unnecessarily. He also told me rather a good story about a certain Afridi officer in one of our native regiments who had had a demand from his tribe of 63 rupees (which he paid), being his share of the fine imposed upon it by Government. I presume in such a case the Government would refund the money to the officer.

The mail left for Pindi at 5.15 p.m., and

Mr Fox arranged that, although we should arrive by midnight, I could remain in the carriage till morning, and then after Chota haziree (small breakfast) go to my hotel. This, of course, I was very glad to do, and as he intended going to his bungalow on arrival, he provided me with his bed in the railway carriage. I was up by sunrise, and having visited again the Lime Tree Hotel, and arranged with the manager to let me have my boxes which I had left with him, I proceeded to spend the day with kind friends, and the same evening left for Bareilly.

The day after my arrival at Bareilly I had my old tent pitched in the compound, where it could peacefully remain without fear of the sniper. It was ragged and dilapidated, but had been a good friend, and, like many others, always welcome to see, although, perhaps, not in its prime.

Before closing my narrative, I will relate a sad little story which was told me at Rawal Pindi, a story which, in my opinion,

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would form the basis of a good novel. It appears that a certain British officer, who some years ago was in the service of the King of Oude, married a native lady. In due course a daughter was born, a very beautiful girl, who in time married an officer in the Queen's service. She, however, deserted him not long afterwards for another, and, as so often happens, was in her turn deserted by her lover. In the meantime she had been divorced by her husband, who accordingly married again and became Cantonment Magistrate of a certain station in India. One day, not long ago, a woman was brought before him for brawling, etc., in the bazaar. It was his former wife, the beautiful girl, who had now sunk low in depravity. What a life episode! This sad story made an impression on me, and I thought a good deal over it as I journeyed back to Bareilly.

THE END